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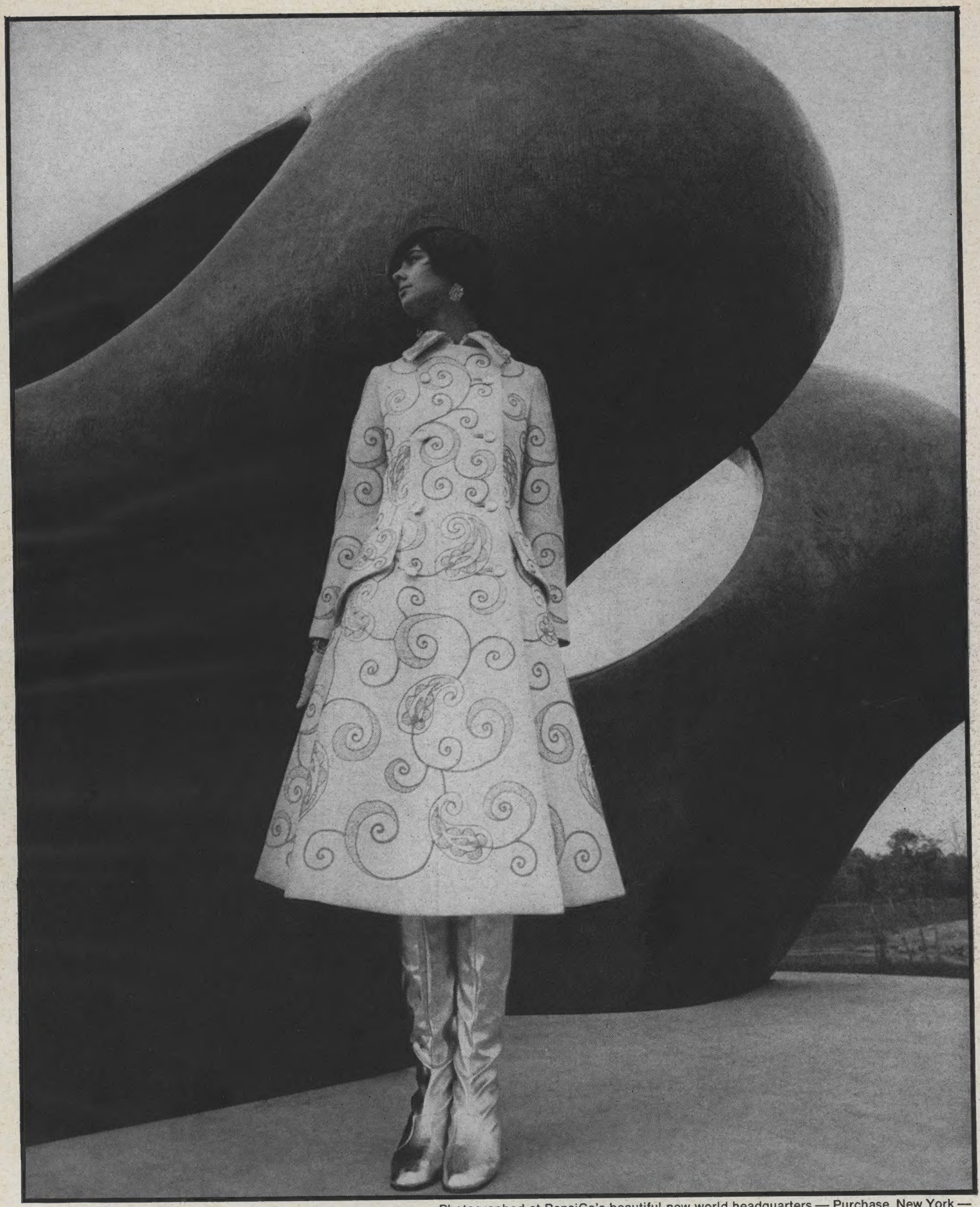
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COVER: Tawny skin, slanted tawny eyes: Sophia the magnificent, her long, strong throat wrapped in a splendour of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds—a jewelled gold choker and a narrow gold-and-diamond necklace dangling a sunburst of gold and diamonds, from Van Cleef & Arpels. . . . Sophia Loren herself radiates currently in the movie *Sunflower*, next in *The Priest's Wife* and in this issue, starting on page 122.

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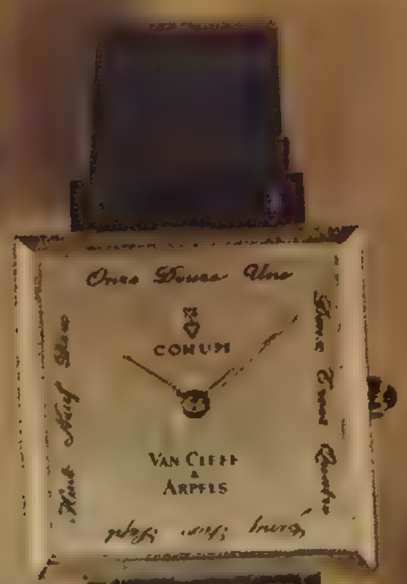
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JAN. 9	ORFEO ED EURIDICE
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JAN. 30	UN BALLO IN MASCHERA
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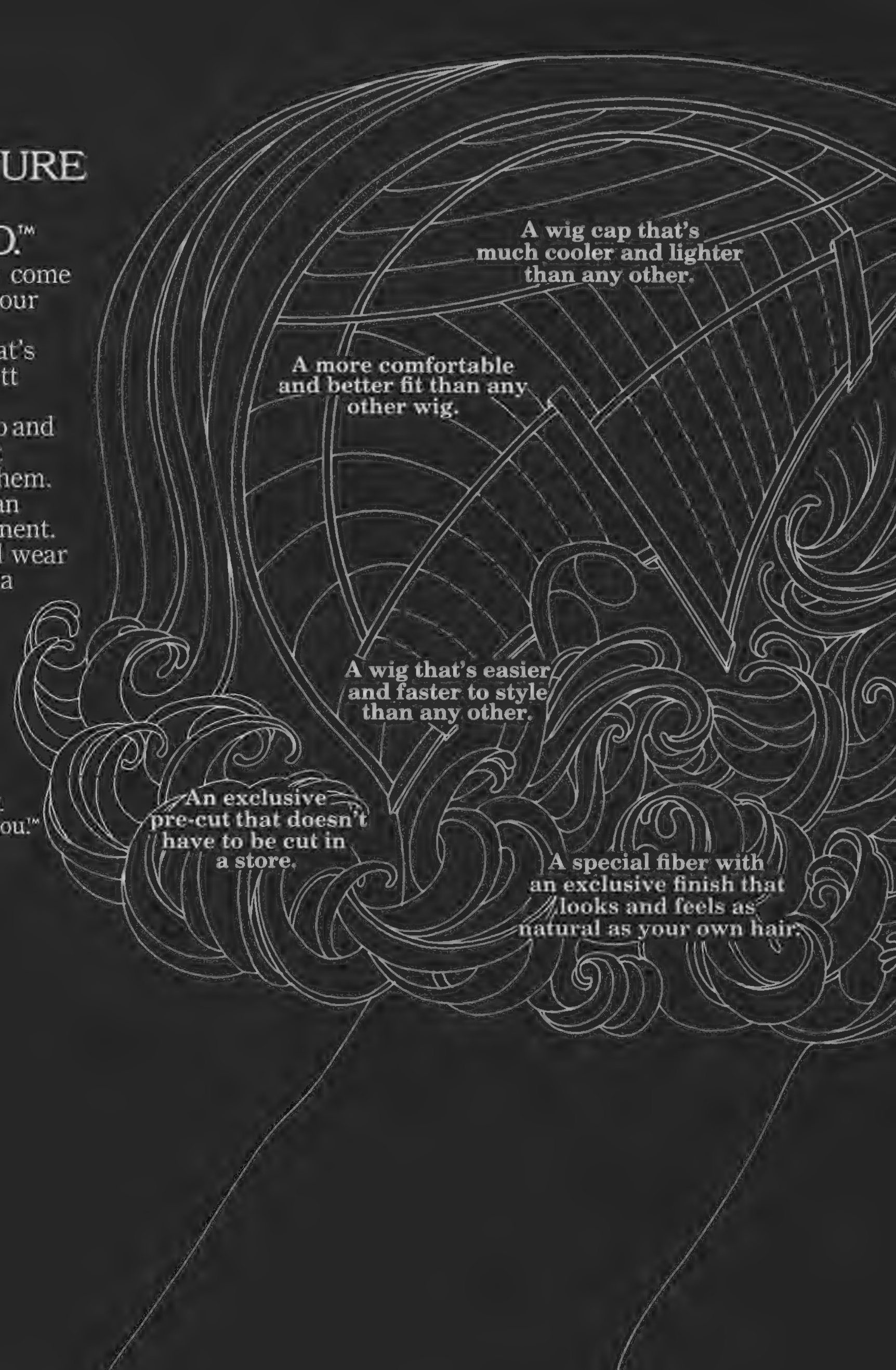
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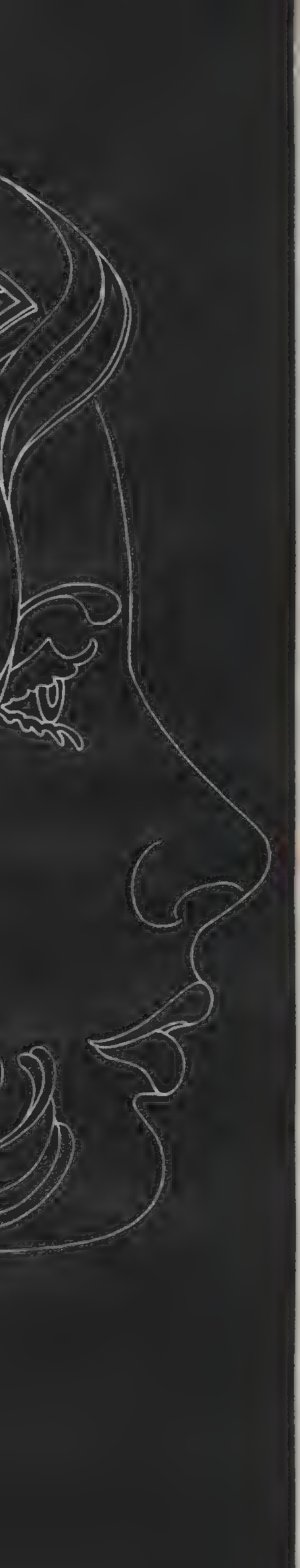
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If in any given year there is no surplus, no seals are taken, as required by the treaty.

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But the most important point is, if the market for Alaska fur seal should ever cease to flourish, so might the program.

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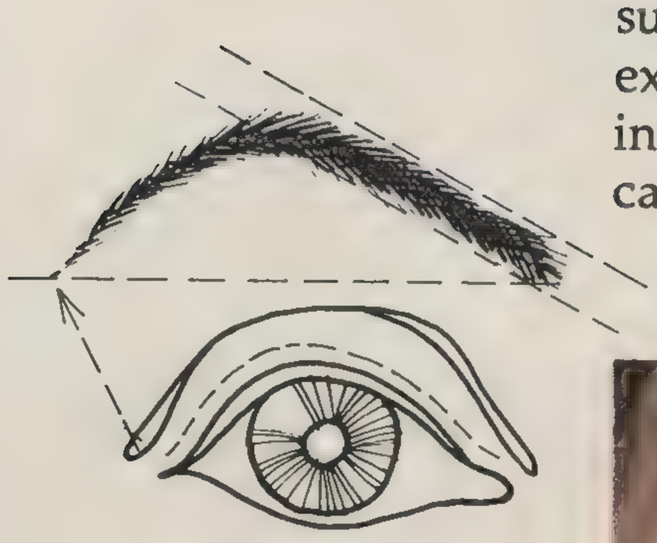
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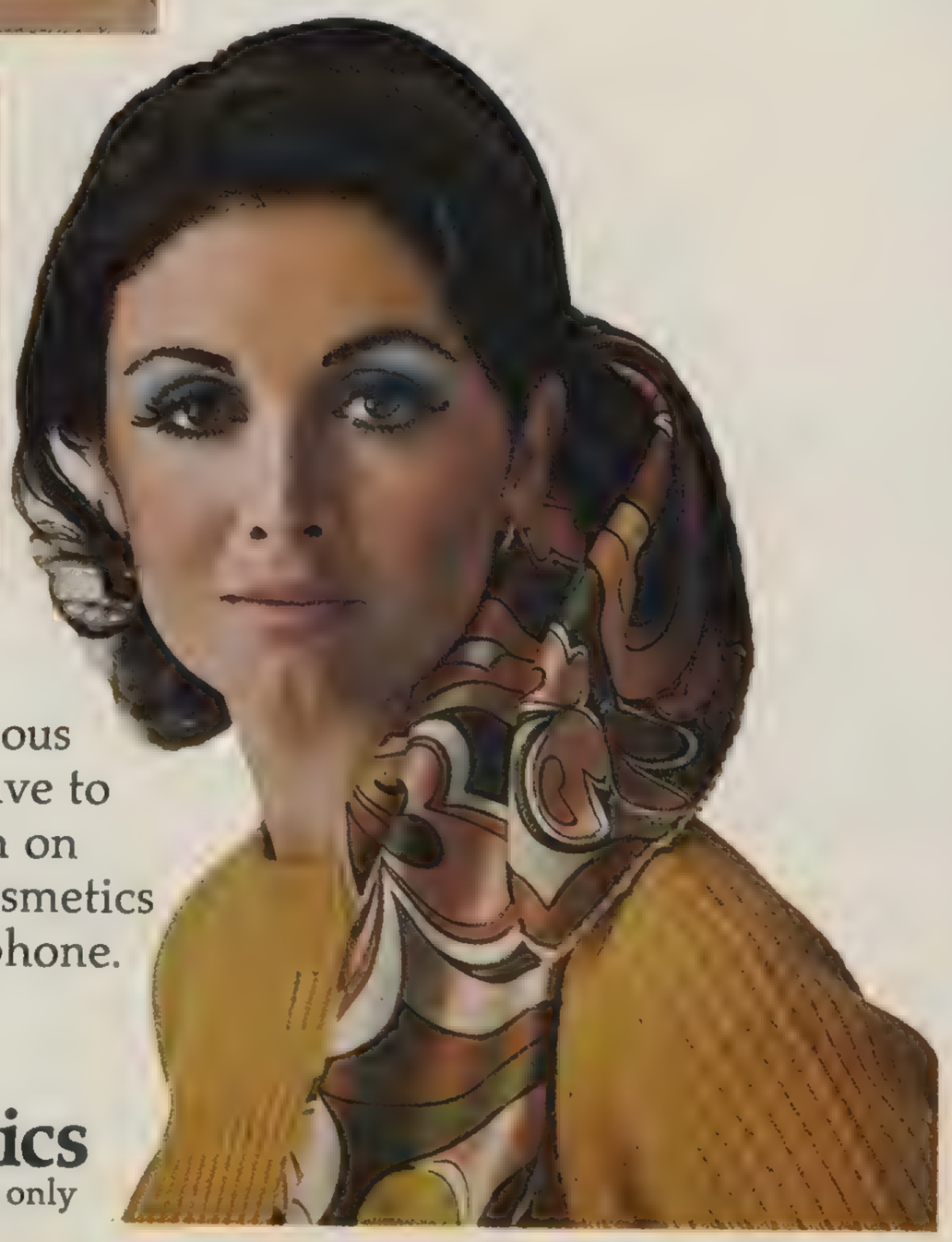






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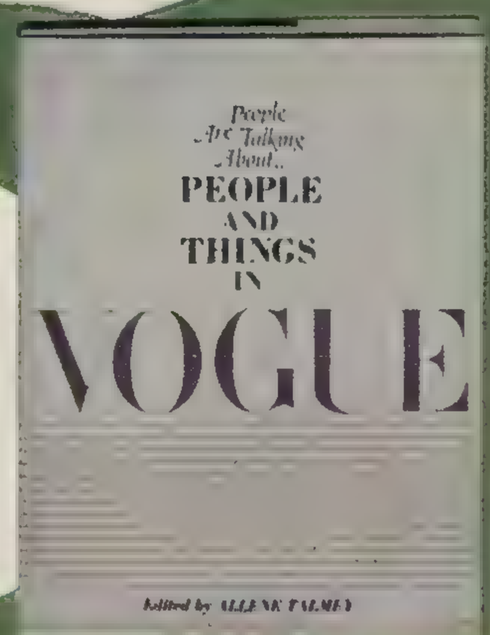
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Say what you will, the sexiest-looking girls appear not to have used makeup. Take the lashes that rest demurely on their cheeks when they lower their lids. They always look homegrown, with never a traitorous, unstuck gap to disillusion the fond but fragile male, which is a compelling reason to avail oneself of the new Adrien Arpel lash service. Simply sail up to Arpel makeup quarters at any Saks Fifth Avenue beauty salon, and let a superbly trained expert attach a full complement of frondy, fringy lashes, one by one. The result is incredibly natural, feels like bliss and stays in place—through love, weather, and weepy movies—for at least three weeks. The secret, according to the young and attractively-lashed Miss Arpel, is an old Hollywood technique, much updated. $20 to $30, according to how sweepy a look you want.

Upper story

What goes down should be swiftly persuaded to go back up, especially when it is the tautness and tone of your skin that is losing altitude. So many women have gone to Vera de Paris for her peeling, cleansing, tightening, and brightening treatments—and re-emerged to the heady sounds of wonderment and praise—that Vera has put out a series of anti-gravity kits for home use. Her face-shaper kit, an uplifting matter, costs $29.90. Other kits address the tautening of arms, waist, knees, thighs; $25.90. In all kits, strategic tapes and formula. *Vera de Paris, 18 West 56th Street, New York, N. Y. 10019.*

(More Ready Beauty, page 80)



Once she was the only woman in the world allowed to wear this perfume.
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Lady Schick shaves as clean as any safety razor ...with a lot more safety.

Nothing shaves cleaner than the Lady Schick Crown Jewel. One reason...no one else has patented hair guide brushes. These brushes, on either side of the Stainless Steel shaving head, lift up even the nylon-flattened hairs. Really set them up. For the sharpest-yet-safest blades around. So you can shave extra clean and smooth...without the slightest tug or pull... and without the slightest nick or cut. Really, you should try the Lady Schick Crown Jewel. It's a safe bet, you'll never use anything else.

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All those pale, pearly creams and shadows and tawny blushers you put on can make you absolutely beautiful. For a while.

Then they can blotch and cake and streak and fade away.

But now, Temporary Beauty, you can have Lasting Beauty.



Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish. A revolutionary new mist that you put on after you put your makeup on. It keeps makeup—even the most fragile shades—looking fresh and clean and natural and new. Hours longer than usual. You can end the day, or the evening, looking just as perfect as you did when you started out. No shine. No nothing. Nice.

Lasting Beauty is a nice new experience all around. It feels cool and nice when it goes on. You can't see it or feel it after that. (It's hypo-allergenic, of course. It won't clog your pores, or anything like that.)

Lasting Beauty works like magic for any type of skin. Over any kind of makeup. Even eye makeup. Indoors or out. Day or night.

There's never been a makeup that can keep you looking beautiful long enough. And now, any makeup can do it. With the help of Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish.

Use it. Every time out.

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Lasting Beauty Makeup Finish. A revolutionary new mist that turns ordinary makeup into long-lasting makeup.

1/8 lace 7/8 leg

Even if you were never very good at fractions, you can figure this out.

The proposition: lace so low slung it just circles the top of your hipbones, plus sheer Caress® nylon climbing from your toes to the bottom of those same hipbones.

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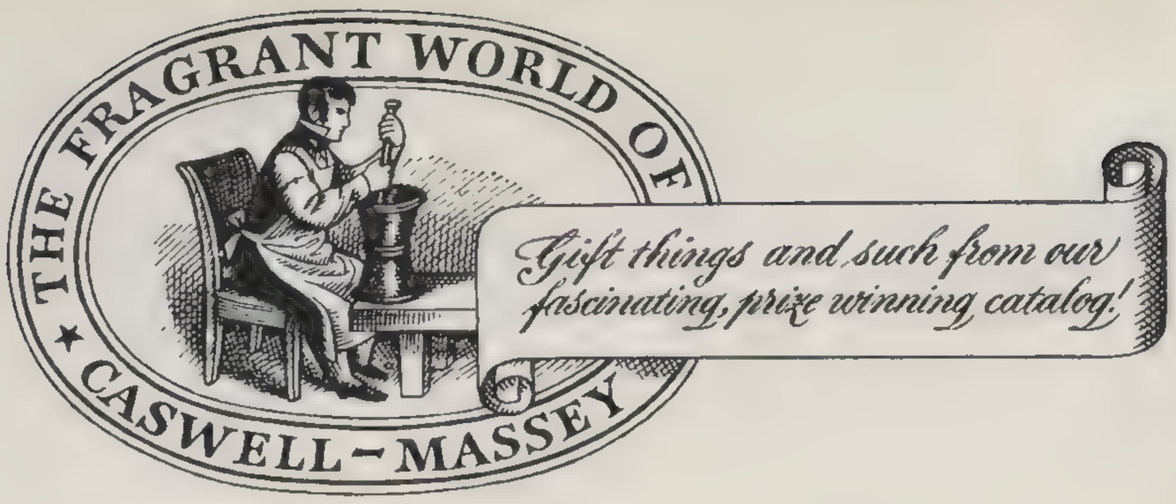
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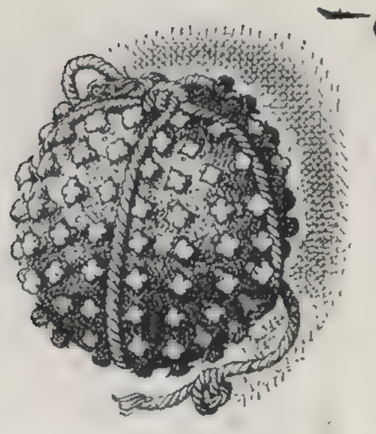
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The sharing of the green

Taken in its proper perspective, self-indulgence ranks as an art and a virtue, causing one to be nicer to look at, more amiable to be with, and fuller, far, of the savoury juices of living. For self-indulgence at its artfully virtuous peak, the place to be (for one week or, deliciously, two) is the Greenhouse, a health, beauty, and pleasure spa in Arlington, Texas, operated jointly by Charles of the Ritz and Neiman-Marcus. The Greenhouse, under Polly Williams's matchless direction, is of a splendour, a sumptuousness, a sense-purring perfection that makes it worth every sou of the some $800 per week it costs. Even the gossamer meals are a delight. The salon, which is Charles of the Ritz territory and staffed by marvels, not only lays on a program for slimming, firming, massage, hair care, and makeup, but also teaches you how to maintain it, so that when you go home, every priceless bit of training goes with you. Making up becomes an exciting and subtle strategy worked out for you alone, with shortcuts and corrective ploys you never dreamed existed. It is well to plan ahead. This much individual care means only 36 women can be Greenhoused at one time, and there are streams of beautiful women who keep coming back. Once a year, in summer, the Greenhouse does two special projects: the Couples Program, a companionable seven-day plan for wives and husbands, with superb physical-fitness routines worked out for the men; and the Silver Spoon, a fortnight's shape-up of incomparable savvy, for girls in the last year of high school or already in college. Either one would make a princely and unforgettable Christmas gift.

Scoreboard for lipsticks

A great new Christmas present idea: lipsticks by the score. For a woman who'd like twenty different mouths, a big long lineup of a display box covered cheerily in shiny cardboard, where twenty—count 'em—twenty lipsticks roost. All different colours, all made by Clinique. Which means every one is fragrance-free, allergy-free—a good-thinking policy of this house. Fifteen are Re-Moisturizing lipsticks—marvellously rich and protective, in pales, pinks, earthlings, brights; four are Semi Lipsticks—see-through colours, deliciously fruity. And one a no-colour slick. There's a silvery metal cap to cover the one you go out with, others wait their turn inverted in their place—indicated by a broad stripe of the lipstick colour on the box, showing at a glance what to select. Whole works comes wrapped in gleamy silver paper for presenting. $50 at Bergdorf Goodman.


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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

A Christmas sampler

Remember the impossible box of chocolates that told you which candy was which but not which one to pick? A delicious dilemma you may find yourself in here, with this Christmas-y list of treats for your sweets. . . . For the clean-faced teen who goes through Bonne Bell's Ten-O-Six Lotion like Kleenex, how about a glorious gallon for $30? . . . Irma Shorell's Contour/35 does more rejuvenating wonders for a face than we've room here to list; first one is the smile the eight-ounce jar will produce. $50. . . . What's in that teeny weeny wig box under the tree? A gift certificate for a life-size wig from Kenneth. $18 to $45, for him or for her. . . . Myco House's new Automatic Birth Control Clock tells, besides time, which times to be careful. Important ounces of prevention for $24.95. . . . If she's dreaming of a white Christmas, she'll be delighted with this little travel case of White Shoulders: ten ounces of perfumed powder, two-and-a-half of cologne, $10. . . . What's red and yellow and green and comes clean? Shiseido's Honey Cake Soap Collection—a bar of each colour, each super for the complexion—together, $4.50. . . . Delectable news from Max Factor, their California Fresh Fruit Lip Glosses—choose from five frosted fruit flavours to delight the younger lovelies on your list. $1.50 each. . . . Coty's Complete Compact Makeup is just that: a foundation-and-powder-in-one, in one good-looking, slim, mock-tortoise case; $2. . . . A romantic would love Le Flacon de Louis XVI Chantilly Eau de Parfum from Houbigant's Collection Royale—a pretty etched flacon holding seven ounces of lingering fragrance, $15. . . . Dandy stocking stuffer is Prince Matchabelli's scent sampler, contains little crown-bottles of Wind Song, Golden Autumn, Prophecy, and Stradivari—all for $3. . . . For the woman who deserves lots of love this Christmas, there's Menley & James's holiday kit of Eau de Love in all its guises: $27.50. . . . The eyes really have it if that little package holds Dina Merrill's Lash Wardrobe—five different batty styles of fake eyelashes for $46.50. . . . From Pantene, the people who know and care about hair, a quartet of coif-care favourites to pack off with you in a fake-cobra travel tote; $11.50. . . . Germaine Monteil has a secret: Royal Secret Soap, three French-milled cakes that could be the secret to the nicest complexion; $5. . . . Helena Rubinstein's fragrance Heaven Sent has hopped on this Christmas scene in the most adorable frog compact to stash in a handbag—a little gilded beastie with jewel-bright eyes; $5.

Just add water . . .

There's such a happy splash of bath-ables around, we couldn't resist presenting this list at present time. . . . Fabergé's Xanadu Sponge Ball Set involves a split bowling-ball sponge and an oil-can squirter of Liquid Luxury Bodysoap, both the colour of orange juice and just as refreshing a way to start the day. $10. . . . Polly Bergen's turtle takes to water with the Tortue Bath Collection Set: seven fragrant bath-and-after yummies, $50. . . . Dorothy Gray's Bath Hamper is—not surprisingly—a straw hamper stuffed with bathing beauties; $27.50. . . . Puff-Puff Dusting Powder from Elizabeth Arden is a great little traveller; might start its journeys in some lucky body's Christmas stocking. $2. . . . Charles of the Ritz has put a nifty Après Bath Trio together—Ritual-scented body lotion, dusting powder, and cologne—$15. . . . Gold 'N' Lemon from John Robert Powers teams a bubble-bath-filled squeezable lemon and spray cologne—very fresh and tangy present for a pre—or post—twenties female; $5. . . . Soaperduper idea for the kidlets on your list—Shulton's Shower Soap Faces: Tig'rrrr, Pistol Pete, Soapy Sam, or Wackey Rabbit on-a-rope; $1 each. . . . Revlon has something called the Baggerie, a zippered travel-or-not bag chock full of goodies for the bath; $27.50. . . . L'Oréal's Sea Nymph Luxuriant Foam Bath is frothy, fragrant, freshening—and only $5. . . . Jean Naté afficionados can never get enough; for them, a bright yellow ice bucket packed with talc, friction, soap, bubblebath, and moisture massage; $8. . . . Estée Lauder's Azurée Luxury Bath Collection collects Milk Bath, Perfumed Bath Crystals, and European Mineral Bath Salts in a trio of great-looking green apothecary jars to brighten bathroom as well as bath; $37.50. (More Beauty Checkout, page 84)

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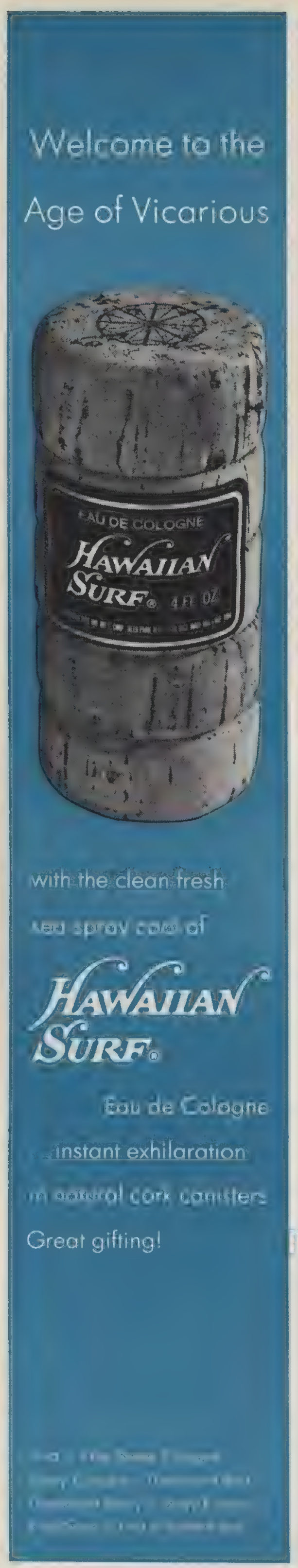


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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Perfume, the spirit of Christmas present

When a lissome young *legong* dancer of Bali performs at a feast, she flirts with her eyes and entices a selected partner closer and closer until he is aware of the warmth of her skin and the fragrance of her perfume, the Balinese equivalent of kissing. While few American men would stop short of a kiss, happily, the fact that perfume is pure allure can't be disputed. Thus the come-hither fragrances here, just in time for giving or getting this mistletoe season. . . . *When Vent Vert stirs the air, pulses quicken. Balmain's fresh green scent works very much like springtime; two ounces, a $45-investment in fancy-turning.* . . . Infinite, the chances of romances with Caron's flower-showered Infini. And the $8.50 purse spray stretches the possibilities ever further, reinforcing the message on the go. . . . *Men continue their highly positive reactions to Chanel No. 5, a fact that makes a half gallon of the magical brew a bargain at $400.* . . . For the adventurous, there's something new: Chamade by Guerlain. Chamade means a rush of emotion, exactly what we had in mind. Guerlain's first new fragrance in seven years, Chamade is heady, romantic, and—like love—not to be taken lightly. Two ounces, $50. . . . *L'Air du Temps, a crisp floral blend from Nina Ricci, is subtle but madly appealing. As there's no such thing as too much of a good thing, consider indulging in forty-three ounces bottled in Lalique crystal, $750.* . . . Detchema by Revillon is named after the Tibetan sorceress of joy and is as rare as Himalayan air—a perfect flirting perfume. Four ounces, $100. . . . *Jean D'Albret's Ecusson Parfum is a beguiling blend of floral essences that could even enhance an affaire in full bloom. $30 the ounce.* . . . Romantics adore Bal à Versailles, Jean Desprez's rich and irresistible French scent; $135 for two ounces. . . . *Calandre, by Paco Rabanne, is a rather recent arrival, and its instant success hasn't decreased one whiff. A cool, refreshing two ounces, $58.* . . . Cabochard, from Grès, is sensuous, feminine. What more is needed? Four ounces in a little pinch flacon, $85. . . . *Guy LaRoche's Fidji combines Bulgarian rose, tuberose, jasmine, iris, lily, lilac, carnation, and orange blossom with musk and ambergris for staying power. Adds up to a modern and particularly bewitching scent. $65 for two ounces.* . . . Oh Joy, the endlessly enticing perfume from Jean Patou—'tis the season, after all—two-and-three-quarter ounces, $165. . . . *Yves Saint Laurent's Y starts off lightly, develops on skin into a spirited, sophisticated fragrance that clings and clings —and that's what we're talking about. Four ounces, $75.* . . . Calèche by Hermès stirs men, so naturally women take to it at once . . . take it everywhere in a handsome mock-tortoise atomizer that holds an ounce. $40. . . . *Lanvin, right on the ball as usual, has bounced sixteen ounces of captivating Arpège into a black ball bottle. $275.*

Tips on the stocking market

A Givenchy, Pertegaz, or Norell in your Christmas stocking? Absolutely, and at the nicest prices. *Givenchy's new Sans Colour translucent pressed-powder compact, for example—a beautiful golden oval with tortoise-enamel lid latticed with brushed golden bamboo—smashing present for $15.* Pertegaz has chocked Diagonal, his gardeny-green-and-roses scent, solidly into a soap of the same name—three scentfully delicious cakes of it, each with dish and slotted tray, $7.50. *And from Norell, his signature scent perfuming new Norell Perfumed Body-Lustre, after-bath moisturizing lotion that polishes clean skin to a fragrant sheen, $8.50.* . . . Two of the s'niftiest little stocking stuffers around are Corday's—Fame or Toujours Moi creme perfumes in cunning gilded compacts, dolphin or miniature kettle. Le Dauphin and Le Pot d'Or, $6.50 each. . . . *Eve of Roma has put their translucent pressed powder into a new and super compact just in time for Christmas. A big three-inch golden round with terra-cotta enamel top, it's nearly too pretty to tuck away in a handbag. $35.* . . . Almay's All Mine fragrance is all together—Body Silk and Splash-on Cologne—frilly pink package, $3.50.

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N°5
CHANEL
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

CARNIVAL CUMPLEAÑOS IN SPAIN

With high Spanish spirit and carnival gaiety, the Vizcondes de la Villamiranda spangled their Marbella gardens as a mini-feria of Seville to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of their daughter, Cari Lapique. From midnight until eight, revelling under arcs of light, eating tortillas and gazpacho, olé-ing troupes of flamenco dancers, a thousand guests played Fair.


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1. The Vizcondes de la Villamiranda, with their children, Manolo and Marian Lapique, left, and Cari Lapique, right. 2. Prince Zovreb Tchokolus and Señora Gancia. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Graham D. Mattison, near a posted supper menu. 4. Gypsies dancing the Sevillianas. 5. Miss Valerie Cates, Don Ricardo Paranagua, Señora de Paolo Paranagua. 6. Carnival lights and *casetas* of dancers in the garden. 7. Baron Arnaud de Rosnay and Miss Shawn Ryan. 8. Signor Gian Piero Dotti, Baroness Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza, Condesa Christina de Caraman. 9. Señorita Sandra Gamazo and Duque de Alcudia.

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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

A NIGHT AT THE SAN FRANCISCO OPERA


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MICHELLE VIGNES

At full swash, ruffled and feathered, the opening night crowd at the War Memorial Opera House heard a new production of *Tosca* performed by the San Francisco Opera Company and then moved out for a party in the foyer, transformed in less than thirty minutes into a ballroom for the annual Opera Guild Ball. Two bands beat and the guests danced through the tapestry-hung corridors and down the stairs to the ornate bar.















1. The party for the San Francisco Opera Guild in the foyer of the War Memorial Opera House. 2. Awarding the door prizes: Count F. Karl Schoenborn-Buchheim; Mrs. Richard I. Gonzalez and Mrs. Arnold W. Jones, junior, in Oriental costume; on the far right, Mr. Richard K. Miller. 3. Mr. Robert F. Miller, Mrs. George C. Dyer. 4. Dorothy Kirsten, who sang the leading rôle in *Tosca*; Dr. Kurt H. Adler, General Director of the San Francisco Opera Association. 5. Mrs. Richard C. Walker, Chairman of the Ball, and Mr. Walker. 6. Mr. Carl W. Timpson, junior; Mrs. Hatch Mein; Mr. J. Cornelius Rathborne, III. 7. Mrs. J. Cornelius Rathborne, III. 8. Mr. Howard Phillips, Mrs. George A. Pope. 9. Mr. Thomas Pettus, Mrs. Hellman Parish, Mr. Albert E. Schlesinger.

Un présent royal...



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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

"SALUTE TO JACK BENNY"



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At a reception-dinner-dance in New York, Jack Benny's famous parsimony pose was toppled in a love-slide of thanks for the five million dollars he has raised by benefit concerts for symphony orchestras. Guests heard a brilliant show by top performers and in their turn benefitted the Manhattan School of Music, the country's largest independent conservatory.


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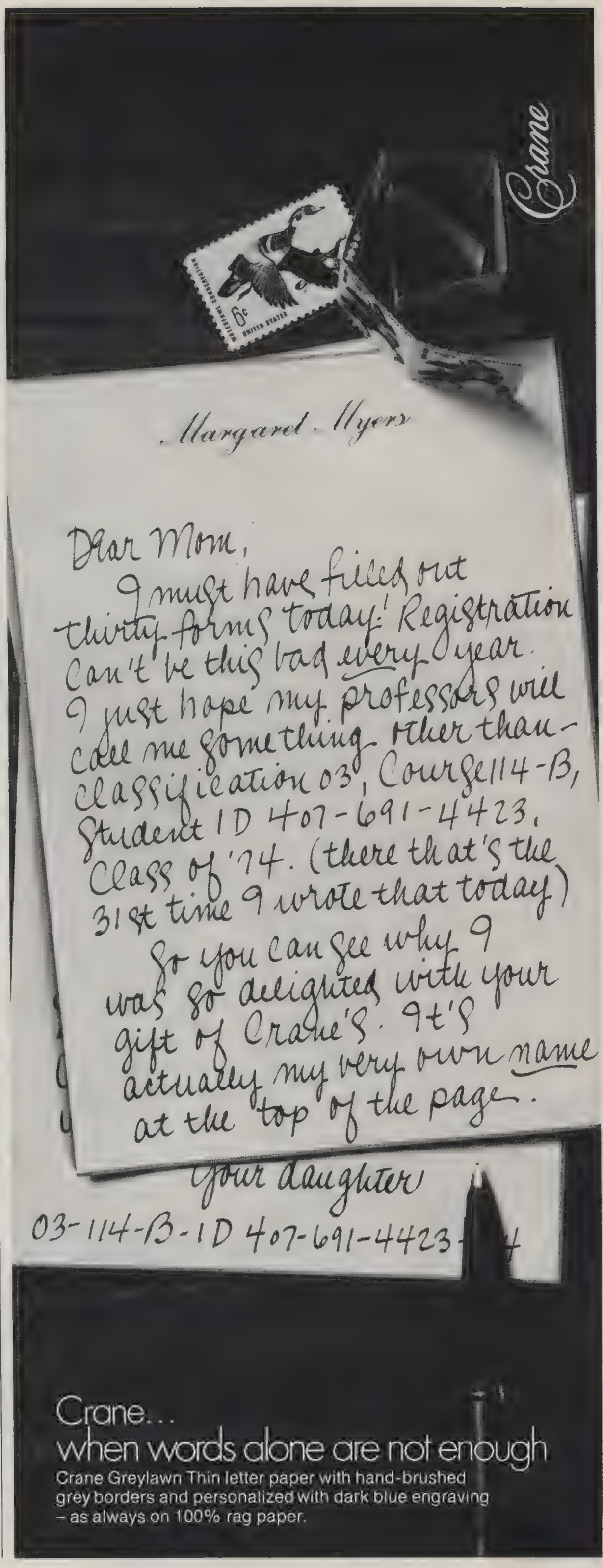

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1. Mr. Jack Benny onstage. 2. Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse, General Chairman of the Salute; Mr. William O. de Lillo. 3. Mr. Ben Grauer, Mrs. Nathan Cummings. 4. Mr. George Trescher, Mrs. Joseph A. Neff. 5. Mrs. Charles Revson, M. Jacques Bergerac. 6. Mr. Burt Lancaster, Mrs. W. Vincent Astor. 7. Mrs. Donald E. Newhouse, Mr. Charles M. Newton. 8. Mr. Michael Rabin and Mr. Jack Benny in a violin duet. 9. Mrs. Richard L. Feigen, Mrs. Joseph H. Lauder.





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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Shorthand notes on Bali: posthouses on the jet circuit

Bali, that green, far away Indonesian island of the Malay Archipelago lapped by the Indian Ocean, remains stunningly unchanged, although no longer isolated. Almost all visitors to Bali stay at Sanur at Bali Beach, a deeply comfortable Inter-Continental Hotel, run like a ship. At the helm is Siegfried Beil, the young, dynamic director who speaks Indonesian and steers a well-trained crew of fifteen hundred. Everything works. Every room has its tap of safe, iced water. No qualms about ice cubes in chilled drinks, nor about swimming in the palm-fanned pools the size of small lakes edging the beach. Here, people shiny as wet seals lunch alfresco on the terrace. Inside the pleasantly air-conditioned Bali Beach, layered with restaurants, the crimson Raja Room is like a transplanted good European restaurant—steak au poivre, crêpes suzette, vintage wines—a tour de force on this island where French and English newspapers arrive, when they do, five days late. To keep alert to world news, guests listen to crisp BBC radio bulletins in their sand-beige rooms. The rooftop Bali Hai Supper Club swings with danceable music—frug, rock, waltzes—beaten out by an all-Balinese band. Once a week in the cool night air, the hotel's terrace turns into a stage where Balinese girls moving like flowers dance to gamelan music played by musicians wrapped in batiks, and guests dine on Indonesian specialties. Members of the staff, without slowing down the service, often stop to place an offering to a moss-covered god as they pass. *Note to tennis players:* Night is the best time to play on the hotel's well-lighted courts; in the daytime, shadows from coconut trees distract the eye.



Bali Beach Hotel ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Guests at the Bali Beach like to go wading through the warm sea to the garden-bar of the Tandjung Sari, a hotel colony of breezy Balinese cottages with thatched roofs, smothered in frangipani and hibiscus, with batiks and wood carvings and lighted by kerosene lamps. Another short wading distance away is the superb museum house and handcraft shop of the island's well-known art connoisseur Jim Pandy, who receives paying guests. In his intricate garden, faces of carved gods peer through green leaves.

Near Ubud, about an hour away by car, Bob Hargrove, a tall, good-looking San Franciscan who speaks Indonesian and knows about food, is owner-chef of Puri Suling, a terrace restaurant overlooking an amphitheatre of rice fields. Bali-bright with batiks, paintings, and flowers, the (Continued on page 94)

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BALI

(Continued from page 92)

restaurant during dinner—Indonesian and American specialties—is filled with the sound of flutes played by musicians offstage under palms.

SPECIAL ON BALI: At the Bali Beach, no tipping. A guide is necessary. Move out early in the morning for sight-seeing in cool clothes and sandals. Take swimming gear—a bathing-cap for the pool—extra moisturizing cream, sun lotion, shampoo. The drugstore in the Bali Beach shopping arcade stocks mainly Indonesian toothpaste, aspirin, and cosmetics. Take a flashlight for pleasure-packed evenings at village festivals, as nights are black. Read *Island of Bali* by Miguel Covarrubias, a well-known "unscientific" artist who visited there in the 1930's, and painted the lithe, brown-skinned girls carrying enormous pyramids of fruit on their heads. Some of these paintings were first published in *Vanity Fair*.

SINGAPORE jutting into the South China Sea, has a fantastic mix of Asian peoples moving against a backdrop of old bazaars and glassy towers. Singapore's latest spree is Orchard Road, a night show of neon calligraphics with a torchlit market where merchants hawk everything from everywhere. Rising above this boil, the Singapura Inter-Continental Hotel is as fresh as a gin sling. Air-conditioned rim to rim, the hotel stretches into gardens, every room opening on its own terrace, some overlooking the junks and *tong kangs* of Singapore's harbour.

NEW DELHI, capital of India, erupts in a blaze of colour. A turbaned and plumed doorman greets guests at the Oberoi Inter-Continental where the lobby is a night-and-day festival. Before being shown to air-conditioned rooms (all with taps of drinkable water), guests are given chits for a drink in the Houseboat Bar, best after an after-flight sauna and massage in the hotel's spa.

A maze of pleasures, the Delhi Oberoi has a flurry of shopping bazaars. The pool is the centre of a patio for lunch or dinner. The Taj Restaurant, golden with Eastern minarets, serves Western food; the Moghul Room is all-Indian. Above the night lights of Delhi, the Café Chinois specializes in dancing beneath the stars. New, dark, a discothèque, the Tabela swings until dawn with young Indians.


Twin pools ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

FLYING FROM NEW YORK TO BALI ON QANTAS AIRLINES' new span includes a bonus of stops: London, Vienna, Athens, Teheran, then Delhi and Singapore. In-flight, it's the best of Australia all the way. At night, people relax under pale-blue woollen blankets, awaken to softly spoken English, a reassuring lack of language barrier for many Americans. The crew, spirited, mannerly, serves rock oysters from Sydney; rare beef with rare Australian claret bottled only for Qantas. For afternoon tea, the leaves are always brewed, never tea-bag tea. Qantas stewards know what passengers want before they do: a tall iced glass of tomato juice, for instance, as an eye-opener.

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VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN Travel

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

The Greatest Show on Earth: New Guinea



Caviar aboard the VC-10

As though meeting a blind date, I approached New Guinea gingerly, drawn by adventure but leery of reported headhunters on that South Pacific island north of Australia. "Keep your heads," friends joked as we boarded BOAC's flight 591 from New York to Sydney, Australia, two calendar days away, but actually nineteen hours flying time on a Super VC-10 jet. Delectably British pie-in-the-sky, the VC-10 holds only 139 passengers, and all are cherished by the BOAC crew who serve iced towels and drinks from galleried silver trays. At meals, delicious and unhurried, glasses are of crystal, napkins of white Irish linen, cutlery plated. Muzak and movies are out, the reading silence broken rarely by unflappable British voices announcing takeoffs and landings at Los Angeles, Honolulu, the Fiji Islands, and finally, Sydney, rising white against its blue harbour.

Young, paced-up, a carnival by the sea, Sydney is super. A weekend there at the civilized Wentworth Hotel left us elated, refreshed for the five-hour Ansett Airline jet flight to Port Moresby, capital of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. Hard by the equator, this second largest island in the world is divided into three parts: West Irian (Indonesian); New Guinea (U. N. Trust Territory administered by Australia); and Papua (Australian). At Port Moresby, ventilators stirred the thick hot air of the shed where we passed customs before boarding an Ansett DC-3 for the leap over trackless rain forest to the Highlands of New Guinea, called "the land that time forgot."

Myths began exploding like fireworks at Goroka, where we landed, amazed by the bracing, sun-splashed air of the 5,000-foot plateau ringed by the blue-hazed Bismarck Ranges. The Bird-of-Paradise Hotel seemed almost too luxe with beige-carpeted rooms, blue-tiled showers, and mini-refrigerators. Headhunters and thrills come to Goroka during the Agricultural Show when thousands of tribal warriors and their women, like those photographed by Irving Penn on pages 146 to 157, pour in from aloof villages and thousands of visitors come to see them. The next show, in Mount Hagen: August 18 and 19, 1971.

Show or no show, the Highlanders and the Highlands are spellbinding. Planes link the main towns of Goroka and Mount Hagen and one bone-shaking road spans the 8,000-foot Daulo Pass, open during the dry season from April through October. With our Australian guide, Keith Buxton, as masterful with the lingua franca, Melanesian pidgin, as at the wheel of a Toyota Land Cruiser, we hurtled over the 300-odd miles, stopping on the way at surprisingly good hotels: The Chimbu Lodge in the hills of Kundiawa; the Banz Motel near Nondugl; the Minj Motel in the ravishing Wahgi Valley; the Mount Hagen Park Motel with a roaring log fire against the chill night air.

Starting from Goroka we sped past the Asaro River and the misty valley where the mudmen live. Fording streams in plunging gorges, we climbed to Chimbu villages, pitched on steep spurs to discourage marauding tribes. Warriors until the recent past, the now friendly men carry bows and (Continued on page 98)



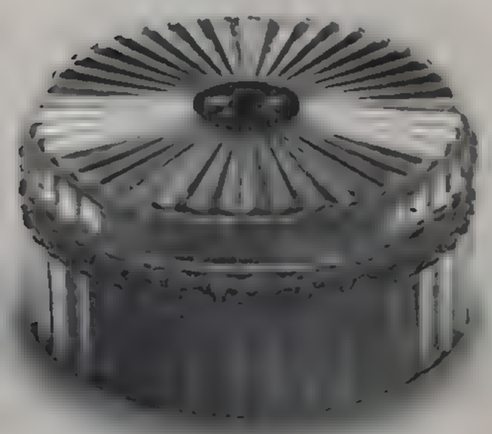
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FASHIONS IN TRAVEL

(Continued from page 96)



arrows, wear nose tusks and a back flounce of shining green tangat leaves, called *assgrass* in pidgin. Smoke from cooking fires escapes through thatched huts peaked in onion domes, each dome counting for a wife in the house. Before marriage, girls wear makeup and flirt, but as wives they work the fields and tend babies and piglets. Prized more as wealth than food, pigs are everywhere, often led leg-leashed; small Chimbu boys mould and pipe pig-faced clay flutes.

At a Nondugl village we lucked in on a sing-sing. The headman wore a red shoulder-length wig, stiff with tree gum, crowned by towering black tailfeathers of the Princess Stephanie bird of paradise (named for the Austrian Crown Princess whose husband was the Rudolf of the Mayerling tragedy). These rare birds—one of the forty species indigenous only to New Guinea—are trapped in high rain forests by Jimmi River tribesmen and sold to the Nondugls, whose fancy headdresses cost up to four hundred dollars. Dazzlers, *young pella meri with susus he stand up* (pidgin for girls with perky bosoms), Nondugl girls wear plumes, red pleated *assgrass*, and earrings of furry testicles of the tree kangaroo. During initiation festivals, after pig killings when flutes and drums reach a frenzy of sound, the boys and girls, fired by love magic, play courting games: *turnim head* (cheek pressing and nose rubbing) and *carry leg* (entwining thighs). This often leads to the boy's family's producing a high bride-price, equalling fifteen hundred dollars for a beauty.

The young women often protest the mastery of their men, resisting the drudgery of marriage and child bearing, especially those girls of the more evolved clans of the Wahgi Valley. These people, discovered in 1933 in all their finery by the Australian brothers Michael and Daniel Leahy, were not cannibals, unlike the small, shifty-eyed Kukukuku living in the austere ranges of the Eastern Highlands who are said still to capture and consume their neighbours. A brave British field ethnologist, Beatrice Blackwood, after living alone among these fierce tribes in 1936, wrote: "I am convinced that, in the case of the Kukukuku, protein shortage is, if not the only, at least a powerful contributory cause of cannibalism. . . . They told me themselves that they regard the bodies of their enemies—men, women and children alike—simply as meat." We saw the Kukukuku in their bark-cloth cloaks and bulging reeded sporrans at the Goroka Show, armed with stone adzes, spears, and arrows. As usual, a Kukukuku marksman won the archery contest.

The Western Highlanders who live around Mount Hagen are known as money fighters. In Tomba village, girls dance together, their throats encircled by masses of beads and kena shells. On their bicorned helmets the men put swishing apricot fans of the Raggiana bird of paradise. The number of slats of their *mokas*, dangling from neck to waist, advertises their wealth in shells, pigs, coins from cash crops: tea, coffee, passion fruit.

Reached by chartered plane, Stone Age villages bordering the jungly Sepik River are troves of Oceanic art, many dominated by towering House Tambarans stacked with buyable ceremonial carvings: masks, hooks, shields, and totems. Wayne Heathcote, an attractive Australian, takes passengers down the Sepik River from Ambunti to Angoram in floating trade-stores-turned-houseboats. A cook is aboard, and a bar; guests sleep in screened cabins, but should take mosquito repellents and be wary of crocodiles. In May, 1971, these thrills and more come in one easy-go package when BOAC starts twenty-three-day tours to Sydney and New Guinea: $2,918 from New York.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY ALFRED KAZIN

Dorothy Parker, "suffered"

Once, all witty, barbed, memorable ripostes were credited to her alone. She was supposed to be a wit factory. But it was hard to be Dorothy Parker. Nothing could be clearer than that to the reader of John Keats's *You Might as Well Live: The Life and Times of Dorothy Parker* (Simon and Schuster), a coldly anecdotal biography of a woman who for sentimental bitterness, alcoholic indolence set a record among Tormented Authors.

It was hard to be Dorothy Parker, who never knew her mother and hated her father, and who was half-Jewish and hated *that;* hard to have so many men but to know that she could never love very much or very long; hard to be surrounded by clever Alexander Woollcott and George S. Kaufman at the Algonquin Hotel Round Table—and to despise them; hard to work in the despairing cleverness that was her particular gift; hard to drink so much, to write so little, to spend so much of one's life in Hollywood writing for "cretins"; hard, above all, into one's seventies, always to despise oneself. She gave everyone who read her the impression she gave her friends and herself: The writer, the mind, the wit was the prisoner of the unhappiest woman who ever lived, and so, was never "free" to write.

Surely that is the key to Dorothy Parker's tiny output. The writer felt chained to the woman. She could never feel detached from that devouring resentfulness, depressiveness, loneliness, moodiness from which (and according to Keats *about* which) she wrote her best little short stories. T. S. Eliot said that the better the writer, the more he separates the writer from the man who suffers. Even in a life so full of self-pity, suicide attempts, miscarriage, divorce, the Dorothy Parker who wrote was not identical with the Dorothy Parker who suffered so publicly. That writer was not "great," but she was real, distinct, unmistakable, in a way that only the most interesting writers ever are. As a writer, there was no one like her, even when she fell apart in the middle of a piece and derided herself.

Unfortunately, the writer of "Big Blonde" and "Soldiers of the Republic" believed that she was all doom. Dorothy Parker believed that you had to be in a particular frame of mind to write. Odd that someone always so unhappy was so intimidated by unhappiness. Perhaps she felt that *this* was her real career, her destiny, and was fascinated by it. So she never got out of herself sufficiently to know what F. Scott Fitzgerald meant when he said that all writing is staying under water and holding your breath. She put the longed-for sweetness of experience ahead of the struggle that puts lines into people's faces.

Alas, alack, poor Dottie distrusting herself, waiting for the right mood in which to write, she never escaped herself except in a few stories. *Constant Reader* (The Viking Press), the pieces about books she wrote for *The New Yorker* between 1927 and 1933, now seems hardly worth the reprinting; the "reviews" (not so much of books as of the silly book fashions of the time) are as faded as the Elinor Glyn, Emily Post, Fannie Hurst, Aimee Semple McPherson books she loved to demolish. However, when she *admires*—Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, Dashiell Hammett—she sounds not only tongue-tied but, significantly, ashamed of herself. In her heart she knew she was almost as good as the writers she admired. Dorothy Parker the writer is missing from Keats's thoroughly superficial biography.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Television

BY HENRY S. RESNIK

Cooking lessons, "entertaining"

Television's major contributions to the world of food have been cooking lessons and TV dinners. There's logic in the irony; somehow the act of viewing relegates cooking to the realm of a spectator sport. The shows are first-rate entertainment; after all, we needn't take them literally.

Julia Child (*The French Chef*) is back this season in colour on Channel 13 in New York with a new series of lessons, on Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M. (EST) and repeated on Sundays at 6:00 P.M. (EST) for the Public Broadcasting Service network. Her key is style, a blend of elegance and earthiness. Consider the spin she puts on this line: "Such a measly little head of garlic —not the kind you can get in the Italian markets—that I'm going to use two." Or her comradely way of slapping a gigot after she's prepared it for the oven. Or the verbal surprises that continually bubble out of her improvisation: "I shall use my impeccably clean ubiquitous towel and I shall get out me platter there." She creates a compelling intimacy with no effort at all.

Graham Kerr, whose syndicated show, *The Galloping Gourmet*, is on stations all over the world, is a close second. A genuine wit who looks like a liberated Cary Grant, Kerr gives a much more conscious performance than Julia Child, and his studio audience, "oohing" and "aahing" all over the place, melts for him. Kerr can be very funny, his introductory monologues succeeding more often than not. He's endlessly capable of impromptu *mots*. Like Julia Child, he doesn't try to dazzle with expertise. "For unmoulding," he can say, "you turn the mould upside down—then you pray." Yet he's too aware of being such a darling—lines like "Chopped parsley can't hurt anybody. As you know by now, having watched me, it's a mild aphrodisiac," are deliberately aimed at adoring housewives. At the end of each show, Kerr grabs a woman from the audience to share his table with him, and as the music comes up we could almost be witnessing the Restaurant Lesson from *Playboy*.

David Wade, a Texan whose daily show, *The Gourmet*, is also syndicated, has his own distinct style, but it's basic down-home and humourless. Even his choice of dishes is easy-going to win our confidence: a raspberry/cream-cheese salad, Gulfport baked stuffed snapper, Mexicano stuffed eggplant. Wade's total lack of pretension has a definite appeal—one can accept his "Mm-*hmm!* that's beginnin' to smell just out of this world!" On one of his shows, Mickey Mantle prepared Filet Gourmet Burgers and Farmers Market Salad. On another, Mrs. Phil Miller, who runs the delicatessen next door to Wade's office, made her own sour-cream cake. Homey.

"I have some problem with English word so I do my best to see you understand me," Joyce Chen said at the beginning of her syndicated Chinese cooking show (*Joyce Chen Cooks*), and the result is a special magic—dignified, serious, yet often hilarious. In one lesson, she put a ready-to-cook duck in a pan on the floor and determinedly blew it up with a bicycle pump: to loosen the meat from the bones. In another lesson, showing how to put "oyer" in a frying pan, she helped with, "O-i-l. Oyer. Peanut oyer, cottonseed oyer. . . ." Surely there was a glimmer in her eye as she said it. "The salt will prevent spotter," she continued, "so that the oyer will not spot too much."

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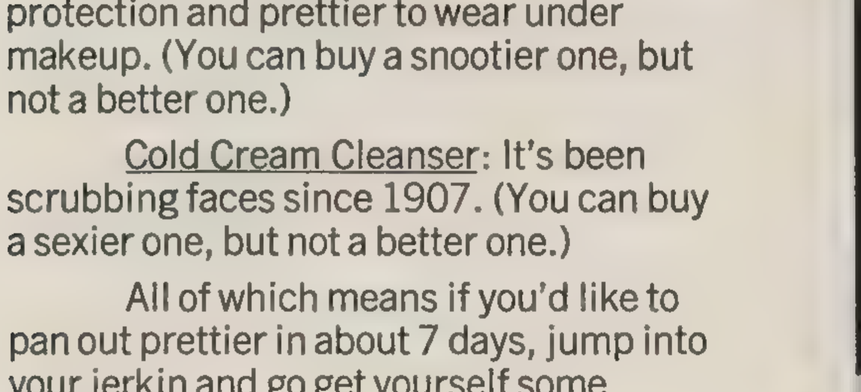
Dry Skin Cream: A homogenized emollient cream that does the renewing, re-you-ing things the expensive creams claim. (You can buy a flashier one, but not a better one.)

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Cold Cream Cleanser: It's been scrubbing faces since 1907. (You can buy a sexier one, but not a better one.)

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VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

BY MAXIME McKENDRY

Scottish Christmas secrets: Brew and age well

North of Scotland's coastline, Orkney Islanders home-brew rich, malty beer to use in plum pudding. Pudding recipe below is from Lady Reay, sister of the Honourable Simon Fraser, the Master of Lovat. At their family's castle, Beaufort, at Beauly, Inverness-shire, flower petals are collected all summer long in a huge carved chest and aged with spices to make pot-pourri—for Christmas presents without counting.

ORKNEY ISLES PLUM PUDDING

1 cup stone-ground flour
4 cups stale whole-wheat bread crumbs
8 ounces seeded raisins
8 ounces suet, finely chopped
1 cup raw sugar; 1 egg
1 teaspoon baking soda; Beer or ale

Sift flour; mix with crumbs, raisins, suet, sugar. Add egg, beaten. Dissolve soda in enough beer to make a soft dough with dry ingredients. Dip a dish towel in boiling water; wring out and sprinkle with flour. Turn dough into towel; tie with string. Put in greased porcelain pudding bowl on a rack in large pot. Fill with boiling water almost to top of bowl. Simmer gently, uncovered, 4 hours. Serve with sauce made with Drambuie instead of brandy (recipe below).

Readers of Agatha Christie know that a proper English Christmas dinner starts with

OYSTER SOUP

(eight servings)

6 dozen oysters
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
Juice of ½ lemon
2 quarts strained seasoned fish stock

Scald oysters in juice and drain. Add hot stock to juice; thicken with blended flour and butter; simmer 15 minutes. Add lemon juice, oysters. Serve at once.

Fish Stock

Put fish heads and bones in pot and pour over a glass of white wine; boil to reduce wine. Add to taste: carrots, parsley stalks and roots, onion stuck with cloves, lemon juice, mushroom stalks and peelings, piece of orange rind, thyme. Fill with boiling water; salt to taste. Boil 20 to 30 minutes. Add peppercorns during last 10 minutes. Strain.

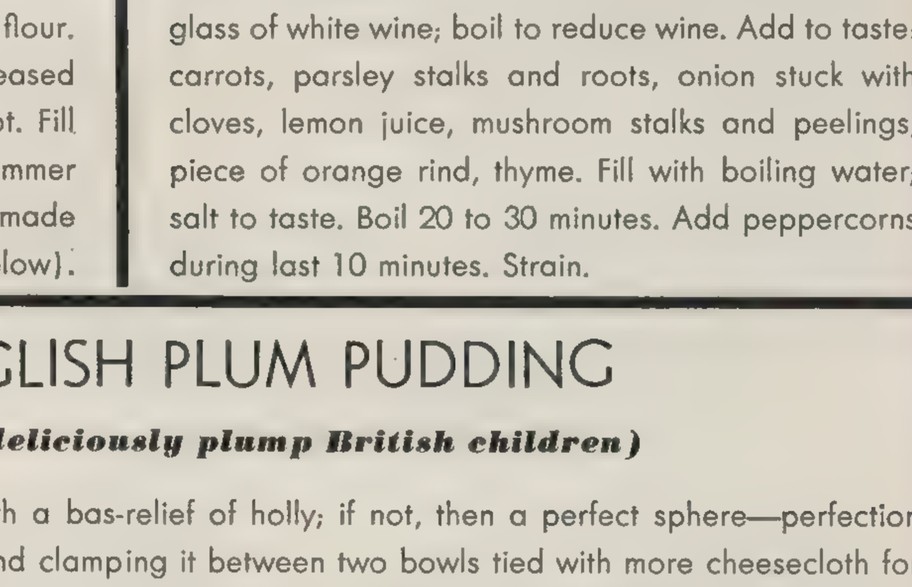
CLASSIC ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

(and a pet name for deliciously plump British children)

The classic pudding is shaped by a mould with a bas-relief of holly; if not, then a perfect sphere—perfection reached by tying the pudding in cheesecloth and clamping it between two bowls tied with more cheesecloth for steaming. You might tie two hemispherical tinned puddings together, steam, come out with a Dickensian marvel. Slice the bottom to keep pudding steady; pour over brandy and ignite. ***Brandy sauce:*** Oven toast 1 tablespoon flour light brown; blend with 6 tablespoons unsalted butter. Dissolve 1 tablespoon sugar in 1½ cups boiling water; stir slowly into butter mixture. Simmer 10 minutes; add wineglassful brandy. Serve hot.

DANISH CHRISTMAS KLEINER

2 cups flour
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 egg, ¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cream
Grated lemon peel
Ground cardamom seed
Shortening



Sift soda with flour; work in butter. Beat egg, sugar, cream; stir in. Season to taste. Knead dough lightly on floured board; roll out, not too thin. Cut in diamonds with pastry wheel. Cut vertical slit in each, and pull one end through slit to form "ear" shape (see drawings above). Fry in deep hot oil or fat; drain on paper.

CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO

In Oaxaca, Mexico, Christmas Eve is *Noce de Rábanos* (Night of the Radishes). Radishes carved into fantasy flowers blossom in restaurants and market stalls. In this pottery town, Christmas *buñelos* (pancakes) are offered on plates the potters have rejected. *Buñelos* eaten, dishes are smashed on the floor—ending the old year, bringing luck in the new.

BUÑELOS

4 cups flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
2 eggs, ¾ cup milk
¼ cup melted butter
Mixed cinnamon and sugar

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, salt. Beat eggs with milk and stir into flour mix. Knead on a floured board until smooth. Roll in balls (1½ to 2 dozen); let stand 20 minutes. Roll each ball into a pancake and fry in deep hot oil until light brown. Drain on paper; sprinkle with cinnamon sugar.

SOUL FOOD

RECIPES FROM BILLIE GAINOUS, WHO COOKS FOR ARTIST-DESIGNER JOE EULA.
SHE DOES PIGS' FEET THIS WAY:

Wash 6 pigs' feet and put in saucepan with salted water to cover. Pour over a whole bottle (pint) of vinegar—any sort—and a whole bottle (6 ounces) of Red Devil Hot Sauce. Stir while boiling up; then simmer until tender (about 2 hours). Serve with collard greens and potato salad.

COLLARD GREENS

(six servings)

6 pounds fresh collard greens
1 pound salt pork
2 small hot red peppers
Salt
6 rashers bacon

Wash greens (may be chopped). Boil salt pork ½ hour; remove pork, use water for greens—pan should be half full. Add greens, peppers, salt to taste. Cover and cook until tender; drain. Fry bacon crisp; pour bacon fat over greens; sprinkle top with crumbled bacon.

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HOROSCOPE

December 1 through December 31

ARIES, March 21–April 20. The first six days are the last in a period of following the initiatives of others. The 2nd is a significant day; note events for later use. On the 7th, your ruler, Mars, enters Scorpio—a sign Mars rules, too, and compatible with yours—reinforced by Neptune (inspiration) in a Fire sign, Sagittarius. Move swiftly then to implement ideas gathered earlier. With Mercury (communication) in Capricorn (organization), the 7th to the 16th is the best time to shape plans. Slow down to examine a new element that brings an improvement. If not finished, stop to rest on the 19th. At the new moon, the 28th, you may be recalled to your project. The last four days are prophetic.

TAURUS, April 21–May 20. *On the 2nd, when Venus, your ruler, in Scorpio moves for the first time in forty-two days, you recapture your benefic qualities and are resourceful in improving your finances. Press forward on the 3rd in all areas. The weekend of the full moon, the 12th and 13th, may be spent in a new place; you will attract new friends with splendid results. The 14th and 15th may offer two proposals—possibly marriage. Respond readily. On the 16th and 17th, an unexpected event distracts, causes a postponement; the initial excitement weakens after the 19th. It resumes after the new moon, the 28th, perhaps on the 29th or 30th, to your satisfaction.*

GEMINI, May 21–June 21. Many of your ideas, not accepted by business partners, will move now on the 3rd. Concentrate on your program to get a signature, if possible, on the 4th. Devote that day to a friend who owes you the fulfillment of a promise. From the 9th to the 15th, while your ruler, Mercury, is in Capricorn (sign of enduring plans), revive an old dream. Be diligent from the 17th to the 19th, for your ruler stops moving on the 20th for the remainder of the month, and you will need to coast on past accomplishments. Surprises on the 21st and 22nd cancel further initiative. The new moon on the 28th is significant, providing a preview of the events coming in 1971.

CANCER, June 22–July 22. The first two days challenge you: Your ruler, the Moon, is in your opposite sign, Capricorn, on the 2nd; and Mars is in Libra. You may need to move in and out of a swift tide to keep your gentle ways. There is a respite on the 5th and 6th, for quiet resolution. You will be most effective from the 7th to the full moon on the 12th in accomplishing your goal by the 15th. After that, surprises will hold your full attention. All will be held in abeyance after Mercury stops moving on the 20th for the rest of the month. The new moon on the 28th in your opposite sign puts the prerogatives in the hands of others—the best luck will come through them.

LEO, July 23–August 22. *From the 2nd to the 4th, give your attention to someone you love. A friend makes an exciting offer on the 5th (Uranus in Libra, marriage). The 9th and 10th force payment of an old obligation or boring, unpaid service. Full moon, the 12th, ends this period. From the 14th to the 19th, your ruler, the Sun, comes to the final degrees of Sagittarius—a fruitful time for you to seek satisfactions from the one you love. Neptune in Sagittarius (Fire) and Jupiter headed there—two name-makers friendly to your Leo Sun (Fire)—give you a chance to make history. Dedicate the new moon in Capricorn (Earth) on the 28th to organizational foundation for good luck in 1971.*

VIRGO, August 23–September 22. On the 4th, your ruler, Mercury, is stimulated by inspiring Neptune in Sagittarius, the sign of ideas. This is an effective time to start a new working program. Venus, ruler of your second house (income), strengthens you in financial matters. Make every effort to finish your program between the 12th and the 14th. From the evening of the 15th to the 22nd, avoid further negotiations—unexpected messages could prove negative. Suspend action from the 23rd until the new moon on the 28th, when you become organized. The events of the last four days of the year indicate the ways to insure the great good due to you in 1971.

LIBRA, September 23–October 23. Your ruler, Venus, stays in Scorpio from September through December, creating a social atmosphere. From the 2nd to the 15th, Uranus in your sign speeds you toward a new life. Mercury in Capricorn brings associates into harmony with you, particularly in a new effort. Venus in your second house (money) insures financial gain. By the 11th and 12th, you reach peak performance. The 14th and 15th are good days to improve your program. The 16th has a negative vibration to avoid. On the 20th an old friend may oppose you. Do not defend or appease; silence is best, or a friend could be lost. The new moon on the 28th does not favour you until the last day, the 31st.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 21. *From the 1st to the 6th, while your ruler is in the sign behind yours, Libra, organize without publicizing. Introduce your plans on the 7th, when Mars enters Scorpio; you will then attract the needed partners to accomplish your negotiations and stir up activity to your advantage. Mars joins harmonious Venus in your sign on the 8th, which will temper the action and bring a social note. Venus rules your marriage and partnership house; pressuring others could have an abrasive effect. Ignore negative messages on the 16th and 17th. The new moon on the 28th is good to you. On the 31st, you may clash with a friend at a celebration.*

SAGITTARIUS, November 22–December 21. With the warmth of the Sun in your sign and Mercury, too, for the first two days, ask for anything you feel you are due: a raise, a favour. Or write letters of importance, even sign documents. Reserve the 4th for one you love, and initiate an event of value to you that day. From the 14th to the 18th, your ruler, Jupiter, is in Scorpio stimulating the wisdom and scholarly strength native to your sign; secretly begin to work on an idea that will not be publicized until 1971. At the new moon on the 28th, concentrate on your second house (values). Prepare to improve your source of income while fulfilling a personal ambition.

CAPRICORN, December 22–January 19. Your ruler, Saturn, remains retrograde (not moving) in a stubborn sign, Taurus. Your goals may be put off. Jupiter (judgment) in powerful Scorpio—opposite Saturn—might influence others' opinions against you. Venus also in Scorpio joins this resistance, withholding personal benefits. Attention to health is indicated. Whatever is begun on the 1st will not bring response until the 9th. The full moon on the 12th ends the oppositions. On the 20th, be careful of possessions; do not lose a treasure. Rest from the 21st to the 28th. The new moon in your sign on the 28th restores your well-being. Plan on the last four days of the year for a significant 1971.

AQUARIUS, January 20–February 18. *Mars (reality) in friendly Libra until the 6th keeps you active. Press to accomplish as much as possible, leaving no loose ends. Then, Mars (action) and Venus (income) in a sign alien to you, Scorpio, could act in opposition; and Saturn (plan) already in stubborn Taurus tests your public offerings. Mercury, harmonious to you, in Capricorn in your 12th secret house shows a friend who may challenge your principles from the 16th to the 22nd. At the new moon on the 28th in Capricorn prepare (in secret) plans to be introduced on the 30th and 31st, when your ruler, Uranus, is in Libra (civic) and Neptune (ideas) in idealistic Sagittarius. You will be heard then.*

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Your ruler, Neptune, after a long stay in Scorpio, is now in the romantic sign of ideals—Sagittarius. This will change history as well as your private life. On the 4th, you may take the first step in the new direction. Investigate the paths open and seek the one that suits you. The 8th and 9th are perfect days to start. Continue your search until the full moon on the 12th. On the 15th, try to resolve the choice. When Uranus (new) and Venus (security) combine to give you assistance—cleverness and money—begin your ambitious plan. The unexpected jars one phase of the procedure on the 22nd. Wait for the new moon on the 28th to realize a hope.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Nights in Black Satin: Something new at this winter's parties; ***men in black satin . . .*** men catching on to the good looks, ease, and extra polish of satin by night . . . not brash, nightclubby stuff; but soft, matte, it never catches a gleam. The satin that fits the bill: Onondaga's Qiana satin, here in three satin evening looks. ***Wear it: totally dark . . .*** silk shirts in deep navy, plum, walnut, or black; black butterfly bows of satin or velvet; black patent pumps . . . *décontracté*. **1. *New twist,*** velvet facings on lapels of a black satin single-breasted dinner suit. Jacket closing is a velvet tab and silvery metal buckle. By After Six. About $225 through special order. After Six black velvet bow. Plum-colour silk shirt, about $35. De Noyer, 219 E. 60th St. **2. *Total satin*** evening suit: high peak lapels, surgeon's cuffs on jacket. Weskit has hidden snap closure. To order, Di Pino Tailors, 37 W. 57th St. Black panne velvet butterfly bow, $8.50. Turnbull & Asser at Bonwit Teller. Black silk shirt, about $35, De Noyer, 219 E. 60th St. **3. *Long, lean*** black satin shirt-suit. Total ease and good looks to order from Halston, 33 East 68th Street. Also at Halston are the silver ornaments by Elsa Peretti.



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A Gentleman's Cologne 4 oz. 5.00, 8 oz. 8.00, Spray Cologne 5.00, After Shave Lotion 4 oz. 3.50, 8 oz. 6.00.

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The Holy Child's Song

When midnight occupied the porches of the Poet's reason
Sweeter than any bird
He heard the Holy Child.....

Song

When midnight occupied the porches of the Poet's reason
Sweeter than any bird
He heard the Holy Child.

"When My kind Father, kinder than the sun,
With looks and smiles bends down
And utters My bodily life,
My flesh, obeying, praises Heaven like a smiling cloud.
Then I become the laughter of the watercourses.
I am the gay wheatfields, the serious hills:
I fill the sky with words of light, and My incarnate songs
Fly in and out the branches of My childish voice
Like thrushes in a tree.

"And when My Mother, pretty as a church,
Takes Me upon her lap, I laugh with love,
Loving to live in her flesh, which is My house — and full of light!
(Because the sky My Spirit enters in at all the windows)
O, then what songs and what incarnate joys
Dance in the bright rays of My childish voice!

"In winter when the birds put down their flutes
And wind plays sharper than a fife upon the icy rain,
I sit in this crib,
And laugh like fire, and clap My golden hands:
To view my friends the timid beasts —
Their great brown flanks, muzzles and milky breath!

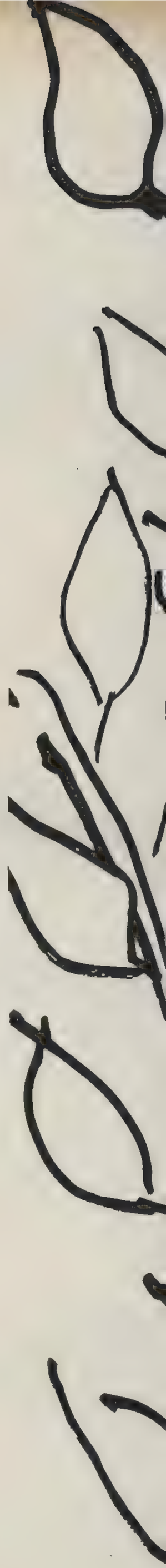
"Therefore come, shepherds, from your rocky hill,
And bend about My crib in wonder and adore My joy.
My glances are as good as wine.
The little rivers of My smile
Will wash away all ruins from your eyes,
As I lift up My hands,
As white as blackthorn blossoms,
And charm and kiss you with My seven sacraments.

"This seeming winter is your spring
When skies put off their armor:
Because My Heart already holds
The secret mortal wound,
By which I shall transform all deserts into garden-ground:
And there the peaceful trees,
All day say credos, being full of leaves —
And I will come and be your noon-day sun,
And make your shadows palaces of moving light:
And you will show Me your flowers."

When midnight occupied the porches of the Poet's reason
Sweeter than any bird
He heard the Holy Child.

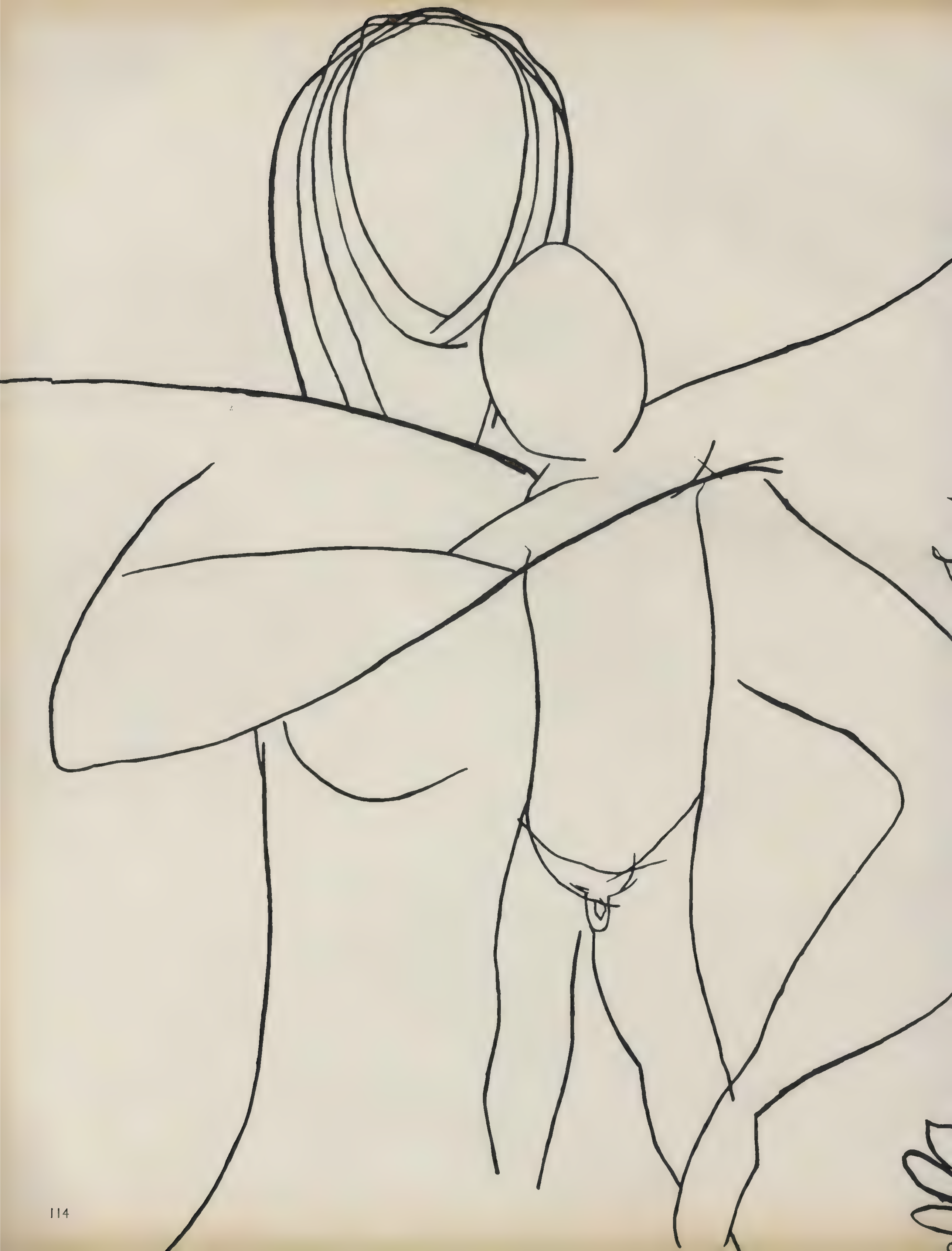
By Thomas Merton

(1915-1968), from Thirty Poems, *copyrighted 1944 by Our Lady of Gethsemani Monastery, Kentucky, and reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corporation.*



TREE, BY HENRI MATISSE *1951. Brush and ink, 5' 2" x 3' 11¼". Private collection.*

H MATISSE
Dec. 51



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD

Detail from a study by Matisse, 1948-1949, for the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence, France. Brush and ink, charcoal, 10′ 9¼″ x 20′ 3½″. Private collection.

HENRI MATISSE

THE FURTHER SIDE OF JOY

The passionate intensity of this great painter's work coaxes a mood of celebration. We are ready to dance or pray — or both.

By Pierre Schneider

He made the mistake not to cut off one of his ears or to die an outcast on a South Sea island. Worse, he dressed elegantly, lived quietly and in handsome style on the Riviera. How could Matisse possibly expect not to be regarded as a typical member of the middle class? He didn't—in fact, he encouraged this belief. He begged a New York journalist to tell the American public that he was "a normal man" who loved his children and his garden. Behind this façade of jovial serenity, however, hid another Matisse, the artist who worked as if possessed, could weep with despair, sometimes collapsed when at last his canvas was completed, and gave himself to his art with such savage vehemence that those who unexpectedly came upon him at such times were terrified by him. Matisse did not like to be disturbed. Normality was a defense, not an explanation: "A painter only lives by his paintings," he warned.

Unfortunately, the paintings which most effectively dispel the misguided impression of Matisse as a bourgeois painter are not easy to see: They are in the Soviet Union. Twenty of them were on display at the Matisse Centennial Exhibition held in Paris last summer. Nobody is likely ever to think of Matisse again as a hedonistic painter of pretty pictures after seeing such pictures as *La desserte rouge,* shown, *right.*

La desserte rouge—or "Harmony in Red" as it has often been called—is so barbaric in its intensity, so solemn and hieratic that one is irresistibly reminded of a ceremony and it comes as no surprise that Matisse, in the very year 1908 in which he painted *La desserte rouge,* commented on "the quasi-religious feeling that I have for life." Looking at it, one is startled by this sudden re-emergence of the monumental idiom that had characterized religious art until the Renaissance and which had subsequently disappeared in the West. One is even more startled by the fact that the subject of the picture in which this revolutionary revival takes place is the most bourgeois imaginable: a maid, dressed in ancillary uniform, is setting (or clearing) the dinner table. In "Conversation," painted less than a year after *La desserte rouge* (identical in size, it was probably meant as a pendant to its predecessor), the contrast between the religious gravity of the picture and its prosaic theme is even more pronounced. It has the majesty of a Byzantine icon—Sergei Shchukin, who owned it, compared "Conversation" to a "Byzantine enamel"—but what it shows is M. and Mme. (Continued on next page)

"Art is a window, a way of sharing."

HARMONY IN RED, BY MATISSE

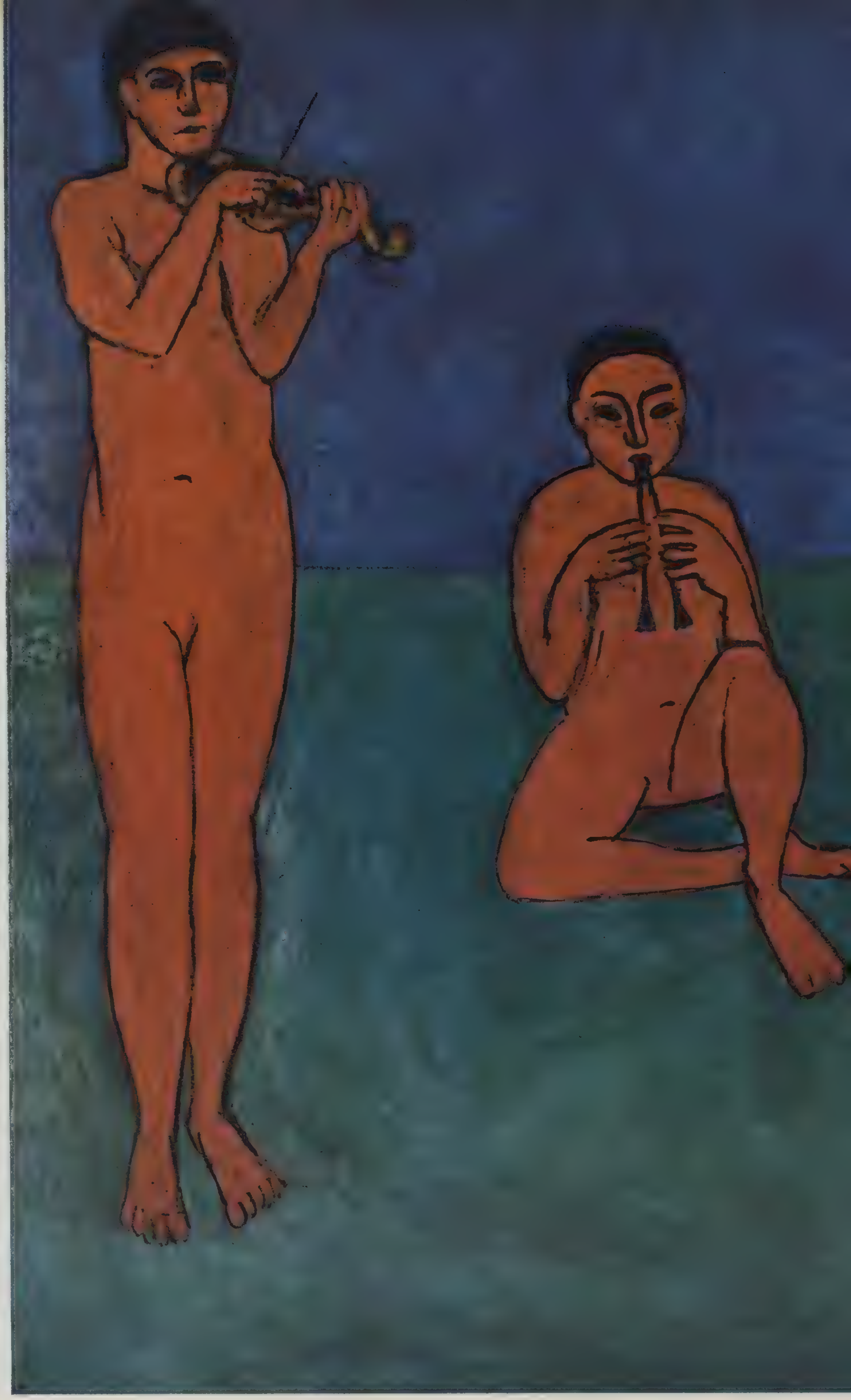
(La desserte rouge) 1908. Oil, 5' 9¾" x 7' 1⅞".
Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, Shchukin Collection.



(Continued) Matisse facing each other, he in striped pyjamas, she in a dressing gown. Clearly, the explanation of the feeling of elevation conveyed by these works does not lie in their subject matter but in the manner of their presentation.

La desserte rouge demonstrates this quite strikingly, for it is a remake, in many ways very close, of the painting called *La desserte* that Matisse had painted in 1897, in an Impressionist manner that Pissarro would not have disowned. The maid bending over the table, the long-necked bottles, the two-storey fruit bowl, the chair—all are the same, but restated in a new language whose guiding spirit can be summarized in one word: simplification. Shading and modelling have disappeared. Colours have become pure and few in number. Lines are drastically schematized. As a result, three-dimensional space, which had characterized Western painting since Giotto, has given way to almost totally flat, "decorative" space (Matisse had in fact subtitled it "Decorative Panel for a Dining-Room"). What makes this picture so startling is that here, for the first time in five centuries, painting addresses itself directly to us. Like the chair in the left corner, it is held out to the viewer. As Matisse put it: "The characteristic of modern art is to participate in our life." It was Matisse who restored the connection. And connecting or relating, linguists have pointed out, may well be the etymological meaning of the word "religion."

To close the gap between canvas and viewer, Matisse relied on colour, the supreme vehicle of emotion. Such is the radiance of the red of *La desserte rouge* that it explodes within us before we realize what it stands for: the table and the wall. Yet the picture's dominant had first been green, then blue. Matisse had exhibited it under the (Continued on page 197)



"The kind of awesomeness and monstrosity that accompanies the manifestation of the sacred."



MUSIC, BY MATISSE

1910. Oil, 8' 5⅝" x 12' 9½". Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, Shchukin Collection.

Pale fire, dark flame...

CATHERINE DENEUVE AND SOPHIA LOREN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY AVEDON



DENEUVE

LOREN

AVEDON



"Love is the centre of my world":

Sophia Loren

On these twelve pages Sophia talks about her husband, their son, and the Villa Ponti

"All men are weak—especially if they're in love," said Sophia Loren, laughing as she fiddled with the plugs on a balky tape recorder belonging to a man interviewing her. Spread out around her were the treasures of the Salon Marrone, the Brown Room, one of the two huge rooms just added to the Villa Ponti (photographed here for the first time). "I used this same brand of tape recorder for Chipi. I took down every sound he made. But I had to stop because he talks too much."

Outside, on the cobbled courtyard behind the Villa Ponti, Chipi, who is now nearly two years old, called to his nurse. The house was full of the calm of Sophia's presence.

At thirty-six, Sophia Loren is that wonder, a natural woman. If you talk about her pictures, she talks about her son. If you ask about her plans, she describes the next alteration for the Villa Ponti—it will be the restoration of a farmhouse on the hill among the olive trees. If you boggle at the success of the movies she has made—not one has lost money—she shrugs, adjusts her skirt, smiles a deliberate smile.

There is that marvellous contentment, abundant as her perfume. She is simply, forthrightly pleased with herself, her house, her life.

Sophia Loren's stance is a mixture of hunger and savvy, sweet and sexy. "It was after the war. We were starving. I started working when I was fourteen." Straight, simple. From the streets of Naples derives the honest con of her (Continued on page 207)



"Chipi showed me how to fly like a bird": Sophia and Chipi in a Roman sarcophagus, now a fountain at the end of a vine-covered walk leading from the Villa Ponti. The Villa, begun in the sixteenth century on the site of an earlier Roman villa, is near the town of Marino, thirteen miles from Rome, within the wide circle of residences built by cardinals and their families around the Pope's summer palace.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SNOWDON





"We're a thousand miles away... my family, Sophia's family": The Pontis, left, at play in the woods that climb the sun-struck hills beyond the Villa Ponti. Carlo between Sophia and Gwendolina, his sister. Pouring the wine, his son Alex, now a student at Yale. Above: The Villa with its keep of four-century-old cypresses. Below: The four-tiered new guest house, built by Carlo, its façade a galaxy of Baroque sculpture.

SNOWDON



"When I first saw it, I kissed Carlo and said, 'It's home, my first real home' ": Sophia at the window of her study, looking toward Rome. For the Villa Ponti, Carlo gathered the paintings and sculpture, the furniture and fabrics, during the seven years and with the two million dollars it took to restore the Villa. Here, in the Brown Room, three great paintings by the contemporary British painter Francis Bacon. Carlo said: "He's the modern Goya."





There's a magic wall around
this house to keep the world
out Sophia with the wind
in the olive trees Spilling with
paintings, drawings, and
sculpture, the Villa Ponti was
Carlo's wedding present to her.
A full-hearted tribute with
its darker magic caught
in the wrestling forms of these
paintings by Francis Bacon,
three more of Carlo's twelve.



"I'm up at dawn — the farmer's wife. No one worries about the chickens but me": Sophia, walking a grassy path at the Villa Ponti.
Opposite: The two modern rooms Carlo added to the Villa's original fifty — for shock, he said.
Upper left: The Brown Room, the Pontis' living room, with Etruscan and Roman treasures, pivoted on a Bacon painting of Van Gogh.
From the huge window the Pontis can watch the sea thirty miles away.
Lower left: The long white room where Sophia wins at poker, with its Modiglianis and magnificent Goncharova screen of Spanish dancers.
Here, all the paintings and sculpture are of women.

SNOWDON

"this is my world — Carlo and Chipi": Sophia in the rope swing, opposite. Her bedroom, this page, has frescoes painted in the eighteenth century of the Four Seasons — now, Carlo finds Sophia's face in the fresco of Winter. Leafy shade pours in from the trees anchoring the house, gold-and-green light flickering over the vast seventeenth-century Tuscan bed.



SPECIALISTS IN SEX: ORCHIDS

by Anthony West

Orchids are the most extraordinary of flowers, with their smoky and sometimes strangely impure colours, their ultra-sophisticated and often sinister shapes, and their remarkable scents. There is almost always a suggestion of other-worldliness about them; it is as if they were visitors from outer space, the butterflies or moths of some unknown planet attached to a sun from another galaxy, frozen in mid-flight, silently waiting a magic word that will set them free to flutter away.

Many of the more than twenty thousand members of this enormous family are hauntingly and unforgettably beautiful, while others, startling in their mimicries, their appearance of an altogether animal vitality, their suggestions of carnivorousness, are almost repellent. There are people who are even frightened of them and who can never quite overcome a lingering suspicion that the most ordinary purple airline orchid may not have it in its power to sink its fangs into any flesh carelessly exposed to it, to cling there, fattening itself like a leech. This was a favourite fantasy of the last century when the craze for hothouse orchids was at its height, and there must be a dozen variants of the story of the orchid collector attacked and drained of his blood by his latest acquisition.... It was thought for a long time that the orchids that trapped insects in stomach-like vessels, filled with a liquid in which the insects were at length dissolved, were eating and digesting them. But this was an error; and though orchids do many remarkable things, none of them is in fact a carnivore.

Highest efficiency and adaptability

Most of the remarkable things orchids do are connected with sex. The orchids are, indeed, specialists in reproductive techniques, and they have raised their performances to a level of refinement and elegance reached by few other flowers. At some remote stage in their evolution, a chance mutation knocked them out of the main line of floral development and made them unique. Its consequence was a simplification of their sexual organs so drastic and so effective that it might have been the product of an inspired design decision consciously aimed at achieving the highest possible levels of efficiency and adaptability.

In place of the usual arrangement of distinct reproductive organs—ovaries, pistils, and stamens (each consisting of filament and anther)—the orchids have a single structure, capped with one anther, called the column. The internal arrangements of this structure are such that in most cases a single pollination will fertilize an enormous number of seeds. Since these are light enough and small enough to be distributed by the wind, and since a single flower may produce hundreds of thousands of them, it is not surprising that orchids are found wherever plants will grow.

Paradoxically, and as if in compensation for this basic organic simplification, the orchids have developed an enormous variety of elaborately distorted floral structures. Although these are in themselves essentially simple, all orchids having flowers made up of three petals and three sepals, the deformations that the majority of them have undergone, in order to adapt themselves to the special needs of their environments and their pollinators, are so great that their simplicity is hard to recognize.

The starting point of these deformations is the specialization of one of the three petals as a species of landing strip for pollinators. This elaborated petal, called the (Continued)

"Magnificent animal face," *Schomburgkia* (Laelia) tibicinis (shown upside down)

10 Great Orchids Photographed by Irving Penn



"Bred for blue,"
Laeliacattleya Blue Boy



"Landing strips for pollinators,"
Vanda Rothschildiana

"Stormy, dark,"
Cymbidium Khyber Pass



**"Strong fragrance and marvellous beard,
both attractive to insects,"**
Rhyncholaelia digbyana





"White lady of the night with intoxicating scent,"
Brassavola nodosa



"Menacing face,"
Miltonia R. H. Patterson x Hamburg

"Trap setter,"
Paphiopedilum insigne var. Harefield Hall



"Fantastic mask,"
Phalaenopsis Palm Beach



PENN





SPECIALISTS IN SEX: ORCHIDS

(Continued) labellum, is the distinguishing feature of the flowers of all the members of the family, but it often takes a trained botanist with a good deal of experience to know it for what it is.

In the case of the grass-pink (Calopogon), the small field orchid that is the simple New England equivalent of the Paphiopedilums shown, the labellum has become an ingenious mechanical device baited with a cluster of imitation stamens, apparently loaded with pollen. When a bee lands on the attractive platform placed handily in front of this lure, it finds itself on a fringed flap that gives way and drops it on its back onto the head of the column. The wild Paphiopedilums don't offer their victims—mostly flies—visual lures. They offer them a range of softly funky odours attuned to their low appetites.

This is, however, beginners' stuff so far as the victimization and manipulation of pollinators by orchids can go. The flowers of many of the more sophisticated orchids of the tropical jungles and rain forests twist as their buds form and open in such a way as to set up complex patterns of stress and tension. When the pollinator alights on what is in effect a spring-loaded surface, the result is not unlike springing a mousetrap. In some cases the flower seems to grasp its visitor and to process it so deftly that it is hard to believe that it has no idea of what it is doing. The flowers of one species of orchid first drug or intoxicate their pollinators and then lure them onto a lubricated chute or slide that delivers them helpless and often upside down to a point where pollen can be conveniently attached to them or removed from them.

Practical jokers

In the extreme case of the group of orchids bearing the name Coryanthes, part of the labellum has become a vase, the column has developed two glands capable of distilling water in sufficient quantities partially to fill it, and the spring-loaded petals and sepals have been so organized as to drop the pollinator into the enclosed pool. The victim of this practical joke then has the choice of staying where he is and drowning or of crawling to safety through a tunnel of love, which opens temptingly before him, an arrangement closely resembling the pelvis-like feature that is to be seen in Penn's photograph of Phalaenopsis Palm Beach. If he does this, he will find himself being processed like a car in an automated car wash, and he will finally emerge with a load of pollen attached to an inaccessible part of his abdomen by an adhesive paste.

The ingenuity, and the Rube Goldberg elaboration, of such common orchid mechanisms for manipulation is fully matched by the sophistication of their visual and chemical deceptive devices. The cluster of imitation stamens used as a lure by the grass-pink has already been mentioned, but that again is beginners' stuff. Many orchids offer their pollinators artificial bribes, some of them so alluring that they are preferred to the real thing. This is the case with the Cryptostylis, an orchid family distributed fairly widely throughout the general area of Southeast Asia. They lure male wasps with a flash of colour resembling the colours of the abdomens of the wasp females, but the real damage is done with an intoxicating odour that smells, if one may so put it, more like the female than the female does.

Sometimes the orchid beats out its rival by good timing, as does the member of the Ophrys family whose labellum simulates the female, complete with shining eyes, of a species of solitary bee whose males hatch out some weeks before its females. The flowers of this orchid open as the male bees appear, so that its dummy females enjoy freedom from competition with the real thing for a useful period.

Besotting male flies

But the most extraordinary case of all is that of the orchid that shares a territory covering the uplands of Colombia and Peru with a species of fly whose females notify its males of their availability for mating in a rather special way. They settle on leaves exposed to direct sunlight, and when they hear the sound made by the wing beats of a passing male, they agitate their abdomens in such a way that the shiny, almost mirror-like surfaces surrounding their genital orifices send out flashing calls. The orchid concerned exploits this situation with a certain cynicism. It offers the passing male an almost perfect model of the rear end of the female, complete with the reflective surfaces surrounding the centre of interest, poised on what appears to be a small cluster of leaves; when a puff of wind ruffles the foliage to which the orchids are attached, out go the flashing signals and down come the besotted males who proceed to copulate with the nodding flowers.

What is so extraordinary in these cases of deception, whether by appearance or by smell, is the high degree of specificity that is achieved. The orchids do not simply attract particular kinds of pollinators, such as bees, wasps, butterflies, moths, flies, beetles, and even birds, but more often than not limit themselves to the members of a single variety belonging to a single species.

How a flower comes to be so wholeheartedly selective of its pollinators is hard to explain—but the why of selectivity is another matter. If a given variety of a flowering plant can only be pollinated by a specific pollinator, the chances of hybridization by crossbreeding between varieties are much reduced, and the chances of surviving as a discrete identity are much increased. In the whole orchid family there is an extraordinarily delicate balance between the evolutionary advantages to be derived from the extreme facility with which new varieties can be developed by hybridization and the equally great facility with which they can develop mecha- (Continued on page 204)

"Defensive plotter,"
Paphiopedilum maudiae var. Coloratum

PENN

A SINGULAR GLEAM

Mined from the depths of South Africa and polished into light-splintering brilliance—

a sixty-five-carat diamond, above, fueling the eternal fascination of a perfect stone.

From Harry Winston. Hand makeup by Serge Lutens.

THE NOW AND FUTURE JEWEL Four overlapping

squares of shiny, faceted white gold with rough gold centres cornered in diamonds,

right, a jewel that makes everything you wear modern...

all gleam and clean line against peau d'argent

and moon-goddess makeup. Necklace from

L'Arcade Chaumet, Paris. Makeup by

Gil of Max Factor. Alexandre coiffure.

DAVID BAILEY



The Spectacular Highlanders of New Guinea, South Pacific

Photographed by
IRVING PENN

Ornamentation for love, war, and wealth is the mark of these Highlanders, unique, fierce, fantastically plumed and painted. Locked in Stone Age isolation until a generation ago, they were discovered beyond the massive mountain walls that cut through central New Guinea. Here, in one of the last untouched Edens of the world, every village has its dancing park for sing-sings, every villager his badge of decoration for festivals of initiation, courting, and pig killings. In alternate years, thousands of clans meet—some headhunters like the ornery Kukukuku, some bird hunters like the remote Jimmi River men—for a huge, thunderous sing-sing at the Agricultural Shows in the main Highland towns of Goroka and Mount Hagen. Then the fairgrounds boil with a pageantry of people, jewelled in grass seeds and pearl shell, armed with bows and arrows. Bodies greased with pig fat, faces often menacing with ochre, mud, and nose tusks, almost all Highlanders wear on their heads jungles of tall, torch-flaring plumes of the bird of paradise.

Powerful headman of the Andagalimp line

For this Moge clan leader in his superb bicorned wig of human hair, *right*, and for the plumed patriarchs shown with a small girl on the next page, adornments symbolize wealth: golden-crescented kena shells, pigs, and silver coins, all tallied by the bamboo slats of the *moka*, hanging on the chest like a visible bank account. Made up for a sing-sing, the couple from Tomba village, next page, *far right*, shine in oil and kena shells, the girl decorating her hair with jute string, her nose with a cassowary quill. The man has a belt of bark holding his fringed *pulpul* of fur-tipped hide. Carrying black palm spears or bows and arrows, these bearded hunters blacken their faces with charcoal before putting on paint imported from Hong Kong. Horned like Minotaur heads by Picasso, these Western Highlanders' heads have a severe line, a startling crash of splendour.



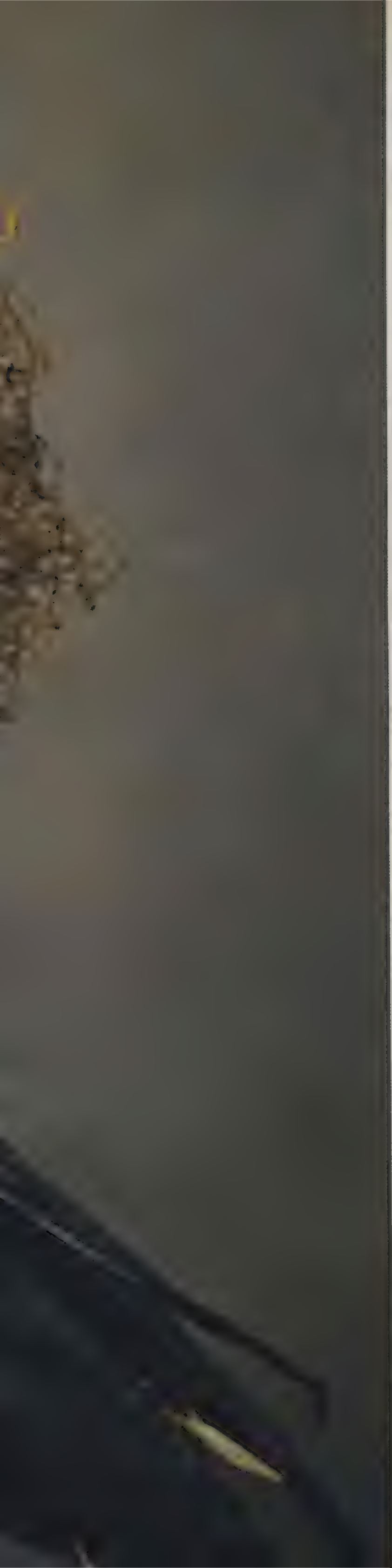


...Mage
...man,

...ge, with
...headed child.
...page, with
...bow and arrows.







Adornment: for gods, for love, for war

BY ANDRÉ LEROI-GOURHAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *André Leroi-Gourhan, the French scientist, ethnologist, and professor at the Collège de France, is a world expert and author on prehistoric civilizations. He excavated the French prehistoric site of Pincevent, founding, at Montereau, a new private museum to hold these rare finds. Penn's equally rare photographs of New Guinea Highlanders are documents unpremeditatedly extending and enforcing Leroi-Gourhan's thoughts in this excerpt from his book,* Le Geste et La Parole, *taken from Volume II,* La Memoire et Les Rythmes, *published by Éditions Albin Michel in Paris.*

For animals and birds, the protective value of fur or plumage is as important for the survival of the species as the related visual or olfactory characteristics. For man, the protective value of clothing is as important as its outward form: It is on such form and on the decorative accessories accompanying it that the first stage of social recognition is based. In our code, it is easy to imagine a man who would wear spurs on his sandals, or a monk's robe with a straw hat decked with flowers: His rapid withdrawal from social circulation would be the best proof of how rigid our system of reference is. Every individual, man or woman, whether in business suit or street dress, exhibits a certain number of distinguishing signs—the colour of his necktie, the shape of his shoes, the quality of the cloth, the kind of perfume—that make it possible to place him with great precision in the social structure. What is true in our society is true in Melanesia, in China, and among the Eskimos.

Clothing has, above all, an ethnic value, for membership in the group is first ratified by sartorial appearance. For a hundred years, to put on European dress has been the token of progress toward civilization, a symbol of the assimilation of an ideally human social personality. Conversely, the last people with a sense of intimate membership in a group cling to the folkloristic costume, the remnants of the special costumes worn by people living in a cohesive territory.

The purpose of dress and its embellishment is related to multiple aspects of social organization. Precisely as with birds, it insures the distinguishability of the "ethnic species" and of the sexes. Simultaneous identification determines where on the social scale relationships are located. A meeting between strangers brings into play the dominant-dominated relationship. A meeting between relatives releases those affective responses that conform to the norms of intra-ethnic relations. Whether it is a question of Papuans far from home or of two modern armies confronting each other, the identification of clothing or of weapons occurs at the onset of their contacts. There may seem to be no point in emphasizing such a banal side of all men's lives, but the aesthetics of dress and of adornment, their entirely artificial nature notwithstanding, is one of the biological characteristics of the human species that is most profoundly linked to the zoological world.

The apparatus of morality aside, everything that has to do with aggressive or reproductive behaviour quite normally remains close to animal origins. If we look for any break in continuity, we find it only in the human capacity to accumulate symbols of terror or seduction, to introduce into the art of killing or the art of loving—which together constitute the pivots of history—an intellectual refinement peculiar to our kind.

For all peoples, war, the assumption of a hierarchical position, and love condition their manner of dress. If we cross-cut the basic woof with signs that distinguish the different ages of life, we have a classification graph that makes clear the essential nature of clothing's social function. Age levels are not everywhere consistently reflected in dress, but in some societies there does exist an implicit or explicit codification of clothing for each (Continued)

NEW GUINEA HIGHLANDERS

Fantastic birdman of Oltokane village

With his clay face mask painted red under a weeded wig, this Chimbu man wears a cloak of dark tangat leaves resembling black cockatoo feathers that are almost as prized as those of the bird of paradise. Mystically involved with birds, Highlanders imitate their calls and postures in courting songs and dancing-ground ceremonies.

PENN

NEW GUINEA HIGH-LANDERS

Nondugl girls in full courting regalia

wear paint, jewels, tree-kangaroo tails, and beetle-wing headbands to bind their extravagant bird-of-paradise headdresses. Famous beauties from the Wahgi Valley who bring high bride prices, they store their plumes in hollowed-out shoots of bamboo.

PENN





(Continued) age group. In traditional European society, a kindred convention exists. This evolution is reinforced by the evolution of design in response to the influence of fashion, so that the clothing of elderly people in some countries can be at once symbolically old and morphologically archaic. Depending on the societies and the individuals, one or the other nuance prevails.

To the symbols of sex and age are added the symbols of social situation. These are first of all related to the major stages of life—for example, initiation costumes, wedding clothes, the signs of widowhood—found among primitive peoples as well as among those living at all other stages of civilization. They are then related to the techno-economic situation, and from group to group offer the endless variety of costume and decoration worn by soldiers of varying rank, executives, tradespeople, workers—in a word, by all representatives of the mosaic of functions on which the material life of the group depends.

In the conditions in which European societies lived a century ago, and more recently for other agricultural-pastoral societies, the individual, male or female, bore on his person all the tokens which adequately insured his identification for the purposes of making initial contact and of adopting the attitudes and language that were appropriate to connections among the different categories of the group. Industrial techno-economic development has considerably altered this traditional symbolic apparatus. To the extent that social mobility has increased because of an ideological evolution wrought by worldwide means of communication, the number of social models has decreased, the symbolic European model tending everywhere to replace regional styles of dress. The loss of national costumes and of professional uniforms is the most striking sign of ethnic disintegration. It is not a minor accident such as would occur in the course of a major process of adaptation to new conditions: It is one of the principal conditions of the adaptation, and one which often precedes the real adaptation by (Continued)

NEW GUINEA HIGHLANDERS

Chimbu women mourning a dead warrior

Death exacts a drastic change in appearance from these lamenting women of Wandi who trade the splendour of bright paint for sombre clay and dress in jute string and withered leaves. Dried grass replaces nose ornaments and shell necklaces are discarded for mourning beads, called Job's Tears.

PENN

(Continued) more than a generation. In Africa, the intellectual's eyeglasses were the symbol of evolution well before the scientific level of the model was achieved and, throughout the world, the wearing of a necktie has often preceded the wearing of a shirt.

As a genuine symbol of man's quality, his clothes give the exact measure of his ethnic and social organization, and what is currently happening to dress should be carefully considered. In Europe and America, uniformization is greatly advanced. Male and female clothing is scarcely to be distinguished anymore, from one class to the next, except in being more or less expensive or of adapting more or less promptly to fashion. This can be taken as a sign of a general step forward—the disappearance of social barriers, a rise in the level of culture and information—but it is also an indication that the individual has lost his ties with the members of a group in the bosom of which he had been integrated in his own right.

To live in the costume of one's province or of one's nation insures the sense that one is an individual element in a group where one plays a rôle as one's proper self, and also insures a sense of opposition to other groups. To live in a standardized human uniform prefigures a broad interchangeability of individuals as so many units in a universal macro-organism. To make clothing symbols uniform means that a man acquires a planetary self-awareness and loses his relative independence as an ethnic person.

The disappearance of carnival disguises is another symptom of the same evolution. Depending on our point of view, we can find it disquieting that the individual should lose the signs of his reality as a member of a society which is to his own scale, or we can rejoice in the fact that humanity is reduced to a single type of man ideally adapted to his unique function as a productive cell. Neither viewpoint in any way modifies the fact that the evolution of clothing symbolism shows the passage into a humanity unlike that which genera- (Continued on page 206)



NEW GUINEA HIGHLANDERS

Menacing Asaro mud men

Fiercely disguised by grey mud and masks sculpted over cane frames with pig tusks and animal or human teeth, these Asaro warriors commemorate a victorious battle of their ancestors who, driven into the Asaro River by an enemy tribe, emerged so demonically mud-covered that their attackers, thinking them evil spirits, fled.

PENN





Nijinsky (1890-1950),
the great Russian
ballet star who
went mad, believing
that he was a horse.


Nijinsky, the
$5,440,000 wonder horse
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SNOWDON

The greatest horse of his generation, the unique Nijinsky

By G.F.T. Ryall

Nijinsky, Charles Engelhard's Canadian-bred, three-year-old wonder horse, has racing immortality. His greatness is clear. Unbeaten in his first eleven starts, he lost his twelfth race, the $400,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe on October 4, at Longchamp, in Paris, where he was a 2-5 favourite. He came in a head behind Sassafras, but still won $86,486 of the purse. In his thirteenth start, again at Newmarket, on October 17, Nijinsky was beaten in The Champion Stakes by Lorenzaccio who was 100-7 in the betting. Nijinsky was tired.

Nijinsky looks every inch a champion. The first impression is of size, of a perfect blend of strength and quality. Bay in colour, with a white star on his forehead, he is tall and powerful, moulded in proportion in smooth, bold lines. He has a fine, intelligent head, and his neck flows symmetrically from head to shoulders to a crest that already has majestic proportions. He has a strong back, is deep through the heart, and has quarters that give him great driving force. His action, as trainers call the way a horse gallops, is smooth and effortless with that priceless quality in a runner, the ability to quicken his pace intensively and at once. (Like kicking in the supercharger of a sports car.) Only top horses can do that.

His pedigree is irreproachable, containing a compound of the best American and English bloodlines. His sire, Northern Dancer, is by Nearctic, a son of the famous Nearco, out of Natalma, by Native Dancer, the grey whirlwind. His dam is Flaming Page by Bull Page out of Flaring Top. Nijinsky, as you know, was bred by E. P. Taylor of Canada, who owns and breeds more good horses and more winners of The Queen's Plate, the richest and most important race in the Dominion, than anyone since the days of the Seagrams and the Hendries.

Until Nijinsky came along, Northern Dancer was unquestionably the best racer bred in Canada. Apart from the fact that Northern Dancer won The Queen's Plate in a gallop, he met and beat every States-bred three-year-old of consequence in The Flamingo Stakes, The Florida Derby, The Blue Grass Stakes, The Kentucky Derby, and (Continued on page 212)

Nijinsky winning The St. Leger

A masterpiece, Nijinsky is a crowd thriller. No racehorse before this magnificent bay, whose bloodlines include Native Dancer, has ever been syndicated for $5,440,000; no other horse in the past thirty-five years, since the Aga Khan's Bahram, has won England's Triple Crown: The 2,000 Guineas Stakes at Newmarket, The Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs, and The St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster. This remarkable photograph, taken from colour television by a new electronic method, shows Nijinsky winning The St. Leger with four feet *off* the ground, going easily, his ears pricked while he outdistances his rivals, all driving hard, their ears laid flat. So far, in England and France, Nijinsky has been ridden only by Lester Piggott, England's leading jockey, wearing the colours of Nijinsky's American owner, Charles Engelhard: green, scarlet sash, yellow sleeves, green cap.

SNOWDON



THE LIFE AND DARE OF "DEATH IN VENICE"

LUCHINO VISCONTI'S MOST DEMANDING FILM– SUCCESS SWINGS FROM A HANDFUL OF EXTRAVAGANT TALENTS

DIRK BOGARDE
as Aschenbach,
thralled by ideal beauty,
tempted to death

BJORN ANDRESEN
young, unknown, as 'Tadzio,
the unknowable temptation of
" perfect beauty "

DAVID BAILEY



SYLVANA MANGANO

"impregnably chic," as Tadzio's mother

MARISA BERENSON
"dashingly beautiful" as Aschenbach's wife

"DEATH IN VENICE"

AT THE END OF THE PATH OF BEAUTY LIES EROS.

BY KATHLEEN TYNAN

Last spring, I heard that Dirk Bogarde would play the part of Gustav Aschenbach, or von Aschenbach, in a film of Thomas Mann's novella *Death in Venice* and that Luchino Visconti would direct. Here were exciting, if dangerous, ingredients: one of the finest screen actors in the subtle and underplayed mode and a director whose work has been on the grand, the operatic, and the exotic scale, but who had miscast Bogarde, many thought, in another film, *The Damned*. Together, what would they make of a masterpiece, *Death in Venice*, a short novel that, baldly described, is about the nature of beauty and death, and in particular about the relation of the artist to his work? Can a great artist successfully repress his instincts? Erich Heller wrote that *Death in Venice* embodies "so radical a critique of art that it amounts to its moral rejection." The subject of the argument is a middle-aged German writer who goes to Venice, falls in love with a beautiful Polish boy of fourteen, and dies there of the cholera. But in the film, the writer becomes a composer, and the argument about the nature of the artist is reduced to a minimum. A wise reduction, bearing in mind Visconti's greater skill in the handling of storytelling and image-making than in the use of dialogue. Of one thing we could be sure: The director would not trivialize the novella by making this a film about a homosexual pickup.

I had gone to Rome on my way to Venice, full of enthusiasm for the promise of watching Visconti at work, enthusiasm all too speedily dashed. "You've come to write about Visconti," said one stunningly waspish critic. "That's rather like saying you've come to write about Tennyson. Visconti," he continued briskly, "is the past." Somebody else ventured that Visconti was like a small king, who liked to rule over a court of inferiors: "How can he claim to be a Communist with all those servants?"

"Should I not see Suso Cecchi d'Amico?" I asked, since it was she who had written the scripts of most of Visconti's films. "Ah, Suso," came the reply. "To understand Suso you must know about her father, Emilio Cecchi. . . ."

Suso d'Amico, whom I met the next morning, is a deep-voiced, intelligent, charming woman and a loyal admirer of Visconti. "You know, they talk of his decadent taste, but he's not a decorator. He arranges objects so that every composition has a meaning. This attention to detail and elaboration of objects, that is his vocabulary. He knows what he wants. Although he has the reputation for being difficult, he is very easy—I've worked for everybody, and I know. He is the most charming man I have ever met. And you must remember how important he was both as a leader of the Neo-Realist Movement in our cinema of the 'forties and in the Italian theatre, which, quite simply, he revolutionized."

"Was he a committed Marxist?" I asked, since many of his films have had political themes. "I'm sure he never read Marx, nor do I think he has an essayist's intelligence, but he is very cultivated. He's a traditionalist who likes to keep abreast, just as he constantly transforms his houses. In temperament, I believe, he is very close to the scene in his film *The Leopard* in which Prince Fabrizio, in his library, senses his approaching death. That is Luchino."

The next day, I lunched with Helmut Berger who had performed so wickedly well in *The Damned*. He asked me to Visconti's villa in the Via Salaria, where I walked past two large dogs, entered an impressive hall smelling of stale scent and camphor, and climbed to a heavily flowered balcony to meet Berger and Marisa Berenson, a dashingly beautiful girl who plays Aschenbach's wife in the film. How had Visconti helped Berger in *The Damned?* "Ah, he was very good about using my ideas," he said.

In Venice on the Giudecca in a long reddish house surrounded by a handsome garden, I found Dirk Bogarde. He wore a straw hat against the sun and looked ten years younger than his fifty years. Over some shrimps risotto, we talked.

"You know I was going to make up to look like the composer Gustav Mahler. We tried a lot of plastic around the nose, but I couldn't move from the eyes down. I've always found it impossible to work behind makeup, so we took it all off and tried a moustache. '*Ecco,*' (Continued on page 208)

MARIO TURSI

PEOPLE ARE *TALKING* ABOUT...

The joyous relief of Christmas, of spiritual renewal, of families uniting. . . . The hopes of peace. . . . *The Greening of America: How the Youth Revolution Is Trying To Make America Livable* by Charles A. Reich, a professor at Yale University Law School who blasts the Corporate State in detail and becomes exalted in contemplation of the communities across the land where the young have a genuine concept of law and an agreement on major values. . . . The ten-year-old who described his younger brother's taste for French fries: "He's a methyl cellulose freak."

People are talking about . . . The Rothschilds, *a hit musical, with Paul Hecht as an early Nathan Rothschild, that has stirring moments as The Family eventually forces the European Powers to let the Jews leave their gated ghettos. . . . The refreshing aggressive impatience of Long John Nebel on his* WNBC*-radio show when he talks to telephone callers around four in the morning. . . . The eight related paintings by the late Paul Burlin, an eighty-two-year-old artist, blind in the legal sense when he painted these soft geometries of swirled and scrumbed paint, all now at New York's Museum of Modern Art. . . .* Superstar, *an incredible novel by Viva, famous for her Andy Warhol movies, who should have called her book* Elsie Dinsmore at Max's Kansas City.

People are talking about . . . Endlessly, Kate Millett's book, *Sexual Politics*, tough, thorough, perhaps a touch too reasonable except about male novelists, as it tries to sort out the tangled grievances of women, recalling Freud's remark that "I know women want something but I don't know what it is," a remark that Women's Liberation would answer quickly: equal opportunity, equal pay, free day-care centres for children, and an income-tax rebate no greater than that given oil millionaires. . . . *Jesus Christ —Superstar,* the British rock oratorio now on record. . . . The infantry name for a non-com in Viet Nam who has been through an accelerated training course: Shake 'n Bake.

People are talking about . . . *The Flip Wilson television program on Thursday nights on* NBC *with Wilson, young, Black, funny, loose, calculating, easy as a sneeze, particularly when he does his sharpie Geraldine. . . . The incessant use of the phrase "As a matter of fact" brought into conversations when conjecture needs emphasis. . . . Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson acting like marvels in the new London play* Home, *by David Storey, now on Broadway with its two stars evasively talking to each other without admitting that they are both in an institution for the criminally insane. . . .* A Day in the Life of Roger Angell, *a book by Roger Angell who gently tries to be funny and gently succeeds in a dozen ways in a dozen or so pieces, including a mock horoscope with this line: "Mars will be entering this house shortly after lunch on Tuesday, so you Scorpios, already habitually suspicious, would do well to double your guard in this period."*

People are talking about . . . *American Journey: The Times of Robert Kennedy*, a new and marvellous book of sharp, loving, political interviews by Jean Stein, edited by George Plimpton, with most of the interviews given by those on the long funeral train or by those along the tracks who saw the train, but all the interviews by people deeply involved with Robert Kennedy in one way or another, the people ranging from a nine-year-old boy to Ann Buchwald, a family friend, who said that in the car where Bobby lay Rose Kennedy coached Andy Williams: "Start to wave," she said. "Wave." . . . In London, *A Bequest to the Nation*, a play by Terence Rattigan who is fortunate that Zoe Caldwell is playing the gutsy, blowsy, drunken, funny, curiously attractive Lady Hamilton, the love and obsession of Lord Nelson, played by Ian Holm as the sad, humiliated, gallant admiral.

DANNY KAYE as Danny Kaye cooking in his Beverly Hills Chinese kitchen, a loved place that is far from his present achievement as Noah in the new musical *Two by Two*, in which he ranges with what looks like absurd ease from a young Noah of ninety to a Noah of six hundred years. As this flinty, sweet, tough old old man, he gets age without that crabbed, stooping stereotype by sagging into his tail bone and bending his knees, the whole a work of art, especially when he asks God in a song, "Why Me?" From his relaxed footing with God, Noah's funniest song is "Rudder on the Ark." At the end of this musical with its entrancing score by Richard Rodgers and its book by Peter Stone, who found that fathers and sons did not necessarily understand each other even floating on the way to Ararat, Noah makes a covenant with God that God will never send a Flood again, that if corruption destroys the earth once more man will be responsible. Danny Kaye, a pilot with his own jet plane, almost has turned into a total bleeding do-gooder in the last years with his remarkable understanding of children—they don't like to be patronized and asked their age—in his work around the world for UNICEF. Now, The Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine of the New York University Medical Center has established the Danny Kaye Fellowship in the Rehabilitation of Children. Noah, who would have liked that, might have broken down and sung this song from the show: "I Feel Like I'm Ninety, Again."

CECIL BEATON



ALL WOK* AND NO PLAY



Once upon a Georgian house, in Beverly Hills, grew a Chinese restaurant. This house, being Georgian Georgian and not Beverly Hills Georgian, very properly turned its back on the whole thing, which is probably why the Chinese kitchen-cum-restaurant wound up in the back alley. The story of how and why it got there involves many years, lots of geography, and a pilot's license.

The story began, inauspiciously enough, in a broom closet that passed as a dressing room in a second-rate theatre in Detroit. A very young Danny Kaye had just run away from the corner candy store to become one-third of an eccentric dancing-and-singing act in the middle of the last gasp of vaudeville. Opening in Buffalo, Danny took an inadvertent pratfall. The audience howled, Kathleen cried, and Dave Harvey whispered, "Hold it for the laugh." Which he did. Happily black and blue, the act got as far as Detroit, when one afternoon a smallish man, chewing his tie, wedged his way into their dressing room and flashed a card that read:

A. B. Marcus
Producer
Boston, Mass.

Reluctantly removing his tie from his mouth, he asked, in an accent more Bialystok than Boston, "How would you like to go to China?" The three were popeyed. He then pointed to Dave and Kathleen saying, "You I can use and you I can use." Not even bothering to point at Danny, he added: "Him I don't need." Shock, confusion, hysteria—how could he break up the act? Marcus settled it by generously agreeing to take three for the price of two.

In less than two weeks Danny was in eighteen of the twenty numbers, learned how to underdress for fast peeling off in the wings, and found out that A. B. Marcus had originally owned a small cleaning-and-dyeing establishment in Boston. One week a theatrical troupe sent their costumes to be cleaned but never came back to claim them; Marcus promptly went into show business, figuring all he had to do was fill the costumes.

Steadily chewing his tie, Marcus put together a touring variety troupe made up of girls with a "built," comics without, tumblers, jugglers, singing dancers, dancing singers, a large soprano who mourned "The Last Rose of Summer," and a moth-eaten tenor who sobbed "Vesti la Giubba" in full regalia. Naturally, he named the show *La Vie Paree.* After a horse, I think. This time the show was indeed headed for the Orient—where Danny's romance with Chinese food began. I reluctantly bypass the forty one-night stands in this country (during which, every time there was a hilarious mishap onstage, Mr. M. would assemble the company, march up and down furiously chewing his tie, then stop directly in front of Danny to announce: "I know 80 per cent who did it"), the insane preventives for seasickness (including drastic purges, which greatly affected the running time of the show in San Francisco), the stopover in Manila (where Danny, impeccably white-tied, breezed through an Astaire take-off, blissfully unaware that the sustained screams of laughter from the audience were occasioned by his shirttail's wildly waving out of his open fly), to get to Tokyo.

There, on opening day, the police arrested the *pictures* of the scantily clad girls in the lobby, and put them in jail (the pictures, that is, not the girls). In addition, the company was nonplussed because the audience made no sound whatever during the performance—not a single laugh, no two hands raised in even perfunctory applause. They knew it wasn't the language barrier. Naked girls are naked girls in any language, and all the comedy was done in pantomime. Danny blacked out his two front teeth, Dave dropped his pants, everyone surpassed himself, but still the silence was deafening. Contemplating mass suicide, they valiantly finished the show and were astonished to be rewarded with a sustained ovation. Why nothing during the show? It is not porrite to interrupt the actors.



On the other hand, in private conversation, the Japanese listen actively with a most disconcerting counterpoint of sound. No matter how mundane your remarks, they are accompanied by a series of "*Ah* so desca," "*Ah* so," "Ah *ha* ha," "Oo *hoo* hoo," "Ah ha, Oo *hoo*, Ah *ha* hoo ha." This *is* porrite and shows interest. When told of this, I, of course, was sure that Danny was exaggerating and, fool that I was, said so.

Many years later Danny made me pay for my skepticism when a distinguished Japanese lady came to visit us. I started to say how sorry I was not to have accompanied Danny on his last visit, how much I looked forward to seeing her country. Not only did she instantly launch into an eager stream of Ah so-ing, Ah ha-ing, and Oo hoo-ing, which I managed to survive, but my husband, the elephant-mind, started to out-oohoo and -aha her, managing simultaneously to point with a "what did I tell you" expression while making a series of totally gratuitous hissing bows. He was not satisfied until I lost my last vestige of control, collapsed

* The all-purpose Chinese cooking utensil. It comes in various sizes, shaped like a salad bowl and made of very thin beaten steel. It sits in a deep well in a Chinese stove so that the gas flames can rise as high as fourteen or fifteen inches to give uniform and intense heat.

Danny Kaye, now the star of Richard Rodgers's new musical, *Two by Two,* is as superb a cook as he is a performer. In the special Chinese kitchen of his house in Beverly Hills, he produces a nonstop parade of feasts for a nonstop parade of gluttons. Why, How, and What explained here by his wife,



Sylvia Fine Kaye

into helpless laughter, waved the white flag, and surrendered my sword. I have never dared go to Japan since.

Ah so, back to Tokyo in 1936. While the rest of the cast were bargaining over silk and pearls, Danny explored all the native eating places. Speaking no Japanese, he would make polite noises and point to whatever the Japanese were eating. He got—and ate—raw fish, fried grasshopper, baked snake, and God knows what—all with lots of rice, hot saki, and aplomb.



When the Marcus troupe was invited to banquets in their honour, some of the cast would feign illness, others would turn and flee, and those who were trapped would fake their way through the courses, apprehensively poking their chopsticks at ducks' feet, standing or jumping eels, octopuses, snakes, and grasshoppers. Not so our hero. The only thing that bothered him was that he couldn't find a comfortable position for his long legs. At this first banquet, he was seated next to a tiny Japanese lady. To his intense embarrassment, on finishing the first course, she let forth a thunderous belch. He was busy trying to ignore it when he was bombarded by a fusillade of fervent belches from all over the room; whereupon, summoning all his strength, he brought forth a dazzler that practically broke the sound barrier. That's how Japanese send compliments to the cook.

And so they burped and bowed their way to the "Promised Land"—in this case, China. On reaching Shanghai, Danny immediately embarked on a restaurant crawl, with sparks flying from his chopsticks. It was love at first taste, and what a series of tastes! Unlike Japanese food, the Chinese cuisine has infinite variety. More so, says Danny, than any other in the world. As the show worked its way down and around from Shanghai to Hong Kong, he ate his way through the five classic schools of cooking: The Southeastern (Canton), Northeastern (Peking or Shantung), Central (Honan), East Coast (Fukien), and Western (Szechwan), which is spicier and "hotter" than anything Mexican.

Chili peppers are like sugar candy compared to Szechwan. Besides, they're sneaky. They really strike about ten minutes after you eat them. One night not long ago, after forty-nine and a half people had asked whether Chicken Hoisin was Cantonese or Pekingese, Danny simply barked and then courteously explained that Pekingese food is dog food.



Another common question is about Mandarin food. Like Anne Marie Benstrom's answer that a Swedish massage is a massage given by a Swede, Mandarin food is food that is eaten by a Mandarin.

By the time the troupe hit Hong Kong, our boy was a hopeless addict. The only thing that kept him from starving to death was eating Chinese food all day and half the night. He went to his hotel room only to sleep or to change, except for the day a raging typhoon struck. He swears that he saw not only rooftops and assorted furniture sail by his fourteenth-floor window but an elderly gentleman on a bicycle still pedaling furiously away.

Some years later, Danny proudly escorted me into a series of the most mildewed-looking restaurants in New York, promising me the best Japanese, Chinese, Italian, Armenian—you name it—food I had ever tasted. That was easy—I'd never tasted any. Nothing but the Bernarr MacFadden food I had been raised on. But he didn't know that, and noted that for a rather well-rounded girl I had a remarkably small appetite. HAH! I ate like a truck driver when I got home.

After we were married, I confessed, and got a thorough but sometimes nerve-wracking education. Danny always came in by the back door, his first stop the kitchen stove. He would lift the lid of each pot, look, sniff, and then yell, "Syl?" If he wasn't in the mood for whatever our cook had spent the day preparing, he would say, "You know what?" And I knew. Out we would go to the exotic hole-in-the-wall of his choice—he, happy as a bee, and me, wondering how I could mollify the cook in the morning, if she was indeed still there. In spite of his intense interest and curiosity about food, he gave absolutely no sign of becoming a cook. As a matter of fact, one of his chief occupations at home was looking helpless. No one ever dreamed of asking him to raise a window shade, fix a faucet, or boil an egg. If there was nobody in the kitchen when he got home, he would open the refrigerator, stare hopefully at the food until it wilted, then close the door, and go upstairs hungry. Not until the summer of 1955, that is, when we ate our way from Paris to the south of France.



Claude Terrail, owner of La Tour d'Argent in Paris, had provided the reservations, which were all but impossible at last-minute notice—which is Danny's style. Accompanied by two close friends, with the intrepid redhead at the wheel of a bad-tempered, overused Chevrolet, we stopped first at the town of Saulieu where Alexandre Dumaine, King of French Chefs, reigned. And I use the verb advisedly. No one, but *no* one was permitted in his kitchen, including his wife. When Joseph Wechsberg did a three-part *New Yorker* profile on Dumaine, Wechsberg was allowed to stand in the doorway, and not a step nearer.

We were told this on arrival when Danny asked Madame D. if he could go in and see the Maître. When Danny said he had a personal message for him, Madame said she would try to coax him out after his nap. At five in the afternoon he reluctantly appeared—an imposing figure of enormous girth, starched from hat to (Continued on page 201)



WILD ALICE

André Gregory

and his production of
"Alice in Wonderland":
a stage-quake of laughter
and fear. By John Gruen

"André Gregory? Mad as a hatter!" said Alice, shaking her head sadly. "Do you know," she continued (and with a certain heat), "it has taken him fourteen months to decide just exactly WHO I'm supposed to be? Besides," she whispered angrily, "how would you like to meet someone who thinks he's Alice in Wonderland? Poor Mr. Gregory. He's quite mad. Quite mad."

Alice might conceivably have been made to say these words, had Lewis Carroll been around during the fourteen months that it took director André Gregory to devise his remarkable production of *Alice in Wonderland.*

Imagine an *Alice* played in the manner of Jerzy Grotowski of the Polish Laboratory Theatre—an *Alice* in which six actors (playing interchangeable rôles) writhe, scream, pound, jump, run, and contort themselves until every sinew of their collective body is strained and stretched to a painful point of no return. Consider an *Alice* with a minimum of props—an *Alice* in which total economy of setting, lighting, makeup, and costuming actually *adds* to a production clearly designed to allow language and the orchestration of the body to ignite the imagination.

Watching this *Alice in Wonderland* is an unnerving experience. It disturbs memory and releases certain impulses reaching back to childhood. We are made to reconsider the dream that was our youth. Was it not essentially monstrous? Or did it contain a poetry we were ill-equipped to fathom? Was it all lies or was it all magic? André Gregory goes to *Alice* as to a sorceress in whose deeds, actions, and words might be found some mystic solution.

And yet, Gregory's *Alice in Wonderland* is never thick. It is profoundly witty and playful. It is a production that employs the human body as a magic instrument capable of expressing both thought and psychological nuance. Done without intermission, the play moves from nightmare violence to dreamlike calm. It is one continuous series of vivid and contrasting physical transformations, produced with concern for the underlying psychological structure of Alice's encounters.

The actors create both a sense of illusion and reality, weaving in and out of characterizations like so many human metaphors caught in the turmoil of their own meanings. Visceral in every way, the play differs from the hyper-hysterical convolutions of Grotowski in that (Continued on page 199)

ANDRÉ GREGORY, *above,* is the American director of the savage New York production of *Alice in Wonderland,* a plunge into the psyche of Lewis Carroll as mirrored by Alice, the feminine, shyly submissive, masochistic, exploited but unreflecting object of sexual and social aggression. (Angela Pietropinto plays Alice, *right.* With her in the buttery chaos of the Mad Hatter's tea party, left to right: Larry Pine and Gerry Bamman.) The whole romp is set in a junkyard circus arena with slap-dab bleachers and a parachute-silk big top, audiences funnelled in from the lobby through a tiny door. Gregory's free-for-all *Alice* is a mix of Hieronymus Bosch and Little Nell, crazy sham and uneasy sensuality, an exploding metamorphosis.





BALI-GO

ALL THE FASHION YOU WANT
WHEREVER THE SUN SHINES HOT

PILAR CRESPI AND LAUREN HUTTON ON A 24-PAGE HOLIDAY IN A SOUTH PACIFIC PARADISE OF PERPETUAL GREEN AND SAPPHIRE SKIES... PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Girdled by the Indian Ocean, guarded by treacherous reefs, Bali rises to extravagantly green heights: a tiny sun world in the Malay Archipelago. Camellias, frangipanni, hibiscus, orchids, in fresh profusion every morning of the year. . . . Fantastic butterflies and birds never seen beyond Bali's shores. . . . Living green architecture terracing down from mountain tops to sea—one rice field after another watered by cascades all the way. Even the air is luminous with water, drawn from crater lakes and glassy ponds . . . like the reflecting pool at Pura Langon in Ubud, right, where water lilies float languorously across the mirrored image of the temple.

Lauren Hutton, one of the stars of the movie *Little Fauss and Big Halsy*, in hibiscus-red and white georgette—hooded and sleeved, and worn open the way you want to wear a shirtdress now. By Lanvin, Paris and New York. Coiffures, these twenty-four pages, by Christophe Carita; Leon Buchheit real hairpieces and Tovar-Tresses in Dynel.





BALI

LONG AND BROWN—
SHINING LEGS, GLEAMING MIDRIFF

Lauren at Ubud, *above*, in lavender-and-white crêpe slashed open to the four winds and sun, and, at her side, three *legong* dancers rivetted by a Polaroid of themselves, the little girls, marvels of grace in the eighteen attitudes of Bali's most classical dance form, wear fresh frangipanni flowers, gold leaf, and brocade. Beene Bazaar shirtdress. . . . In jungle-green jersey harem pants and tiny bikini top, *right*, Lauren plays Princess Sita for one glowing moment during the triumphant Monkey Dance that climaxes a favourite episode from the Balinese *Ramayana* legends. . . . Turnout by Boutique Donald Brooks. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY


ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

BALI

FESTIVAL OF PRINTS AND FLOUNCES

Lauren and Pilar are parasol-bearers in a village procession that winds from temple to sea on a great festival day at Tulikup. Moving with glorious rhythm and sway, the Balinese women balance lofty pyramids of fruit and flower offerings on their turbaned heads. And everybody wears his brightest holiday print—Lauren's has a little laced bodice and peplum flounces, Pilar's has a riffle of flounces all the way down a long wrapped skirt, and each Balinese marcher has a root-dyed sarong, right down to the last man. The girls' cotton print turnouts, by Oscar de la Renta Boutique. Fashion details on the next to last page of this issue.





IN A PERFUMED GARDEN – HIBISCUS AND STONE-GREY CHIFFON, FRANGIPANNI AND HIBISCUS JERSEY

One of the most beautiful gardens in all of Bali, where passion-fruit scented flowers dizzy the senses, is the luminous green world of Jimmy Pandy of Sanur Beach, in red, [illegible] cotton bounced to mid-calf with [illegible]-red splashing on print as grey as the carved stone figures of the hay garden shrine. By Scott Barrie for Bonnie Sport. *Right*, at the carved stone-and-wood gateway that leads from Sanur's sun-white streets into the garden, [illegible] in jersey swirled with hibiscus, frangipanni, and camellia colours – the show's chiffon forest of matching pinks and reds. Silk dress and shawl by Ken Scott. Fashion details, next to the last page of this issue.



BALI

THE JUMPSUIT—PALE KNIT, FLOURISHED WITH BRAID

High above Ubud, against the endless green horizon of rice fields stretching and curving along the Balinese hillside like the steps of a wondrous temple—Lauren in a jumpsuit of sheer rice-coloured knit, looped with ropey brown braid. The fringed parasol is part of the colourful regalia of Balinese processions, carried by men to shade the temple offerings—great pyramids of fruits and flowers balanced on the heads of slim, graceful women. . . . Jumpsuit by Leslie Fay. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.





BARE BRONZED SKINS – WRAPPED
IN SARONGS STRAPPED IN SILVER

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

BALI

THE BLAZE OF RED, THE FLASH OF WHITE ON GLOWING SKIN

In the riceland above the village of Ubud, *left*, Pilar turns on the glow with a tight midriff top of hibiscus-red jersey and a white lineny skirt, unzipped to show her marvellous long bronzed legs. Prerogative by B. H. Wragge. At *right*, waist wrapped in gleaming chrome, Pilar wears a long tunic and slit skirt in a Greek scarf print of black on red—all of it pleats that ripple and sway in the soft-blowing wind. By Dozia. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue. . . . Both pages photographed in the *sawah*—rice fields—where twice yearly the deeply religious Balinese harvest what they believe is the gift of the gods, born of the union of air and water.





BROWN MIDRIFF, BROWN LEGS—
FRINGED IN RED FELT,
WRAPPED IN BLACK PRINT

Pilar, *left*, saunters down Gunung Kawi's mountain slope where clusters of tiny thatched roofs nestle in terracing green—red felt fringe swung low about her hips, red felt flowers about her neck, lots of beautifully brown skin in between. Bikini and skirt by Boutique Donald Brooks.

At right, Pilar airborne along the ocean shore in another little bikini top and leggy, low-swung skirt—the top in knotted black knit; the skirt, flounced black print simply wrapped over one hip and blowing open from there. By Oscar de la Renta Boutique, in cotton. Fashion details on the next to last page of this issue.

BALI

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

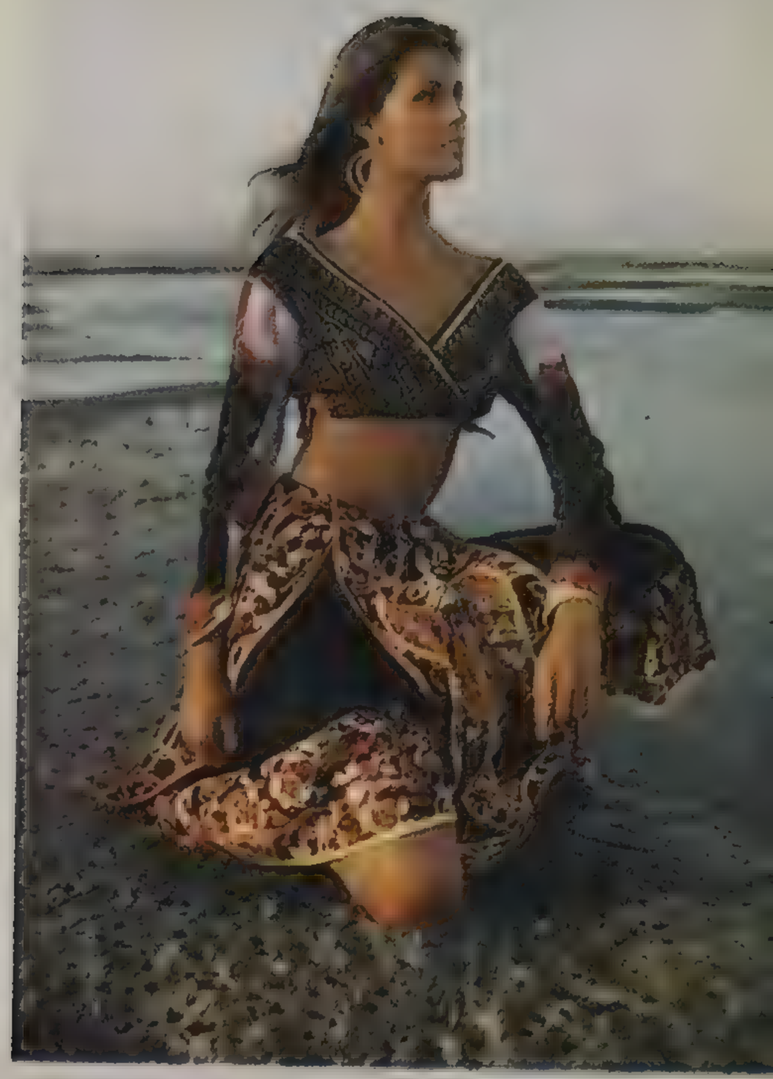
BALI

FLIGHTS OF BLAZING PRINT AND COOL GLEAMS OF SILVER

At Bali Beach Hotel, where kites trail, soaring, swooping in the spice-laden breeze that blows in late afternoon off the Indian Ocean—Lauren and Pilar in brilliant printed organza with silvery shine on golden skin. . . . Balinese-kite colours for Lauren, *this page*—sequinned shawl and dress in vibrant pink, orange, sapphire, and green with zig-zaggedy cutouts at the hem. By Chester Weinberg. . . . Pilar, *opposite*, waist wrapped and flounces flouncing—up on the leg in front, down in back—a marvellous swoop of organza from Bill Blass in flaming tangerine and violet. Details, next to last page of this issue. . . . In the background, the vivid papier mâché shapes soar up and up; a dazzling show for the visitor, kite-flying for the Balinese is fiercely competitive . . . village against village . . . strings tangling . . . kites, sometimes hung with glass knives, fighting in air until one survives, a triumphant speck of colour against the sapphire sky.



BALI



LONG BRIGHT EVENINGS WITH SILVERY GLEAMS

Paisleyed voile flowers for Lauren, *below left*—yellow, fuchsia, and violet splashed on the sand at Bali Beach Hotel. Long sleeves, ankle-long skirt, the bodice opened deep to frame a marvellous neck sculpture of silver-coloured metal. Small waist strapped in a silvery corselet. Dress by Judith Wister for Traina Boutique. . . . Patterns wrapped around Pilar, *left*—wrapped midriff top in tie-dye print and a panelled patchwork apron wrapped over a flounced underskirt. Black cotton with figurings of red, yellow, white. By Best of Three Worlds. . . . Flame red and flowers, *below*, on laughing Lauren at a Balinese fishing village where the lava beach is black and canoes—called *djukungs*—are painted with bright symbols to cope with the evil spirits believed to live below the sea. Dress of red challis with white embroidery, flounced skirt. By Anne Fogarty. Fashion details, next to the last page, this issue.

BALI

PALE LILAC KNITS
AND SILVERY FLASHES

Just a tiny jump above the immaculate, water-washed white sand of Kuta Beach, Pilar, *right*, in a streak of lilac jumpsuit—ribbed to the wrist, ribbed to the waist, with a silvery choker in the open shirt collar. By Marshall Klugman for S.T.J.... Lauren in shirt sleeves, *far right*, beached against brilliantly painted fishing outriggers near the enormous living volcano of Gunung Agung—lilac knit, pale as the earliest Bali dawn and unbuttoned in silver to flash out warm honey skin. Shirtdress by Miguel Ferreras.

Fashion details, next to last page, this issue.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



SUN-WHITE COLOUR, SUN-BROWN SKIN

Pilar strolls through the innermost courtyard of the Temple of Kehen at Bangli, *near left*, in a crisp white piqué shirtdress with buttons to unbutton and walk right through. By Kasper for Joan Leslie. Belted or unbelted, Lauren's short little white cotton T-dress from Jax, *far left*, is super against long brown legs and black lava beach—the shore below Gunung Agung, the highest volcanic mountain on the island. More white, above, looking absolutely glorious against brown skin—the shining white linen shirt-jacket and pants Pilar wears as she scans the sea along the lava beach below Gunung Agung. By B. H. Wragge. In the Monkey Forest of Sangeh, *right*, Pilar, laces Ginori's long white lineny vest over matching shorts. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

BALI

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS





What a joy!

Genesis! Christmas morning, walking in rainbows—the feel of it at 1049 Madison Avenue. **1.** ***Maudie James,*** London's "Model of the Year," in a jersey dress of flag-red and yellow, $100, rainbow macrame belt, $25, and cap, $13. **2.** Marching over a pile of the great Genesis pillows, Maudie in tunic, $15, and Zouave trousers, $20, of merging Indian prints: crimson, greens, golds. His red-and-green jacket, $110. **3.** ***Nancy Stoddart*** in a rainbow serape skirt, $125, scarlet T-shirt, $30, purple satin boots by Battani, 235 West 26th St. **4.** Nancy in red jersey, $125, and ***Peter Huang*** in red-and-purple skinny T-shirt, $30. The rainbow serape chair, $700. **5.** Maudie in the "widow's peak" dress—bright flowers on black cotton and black jersey top, $100. His red-and-yellow jacket, $125, mauve ombré satin jeans, $30.

BERRY BERENSON

HENRI MATISSE

(Continued from page 118)

title "Harmony in Green" and sold it to Shchukin as "Harmony in Blue." (Both green and blue are still visible in many spots and active even where they are not visible: It is they that lend the red its undefinable purplish quality.) When Shchukin saw the picture in Moscow, he was surprised to find it had turned red. Matisse was surprised by his surprise. What counts, he has explained more than once, is not the colours but their relation, and the relation was not altered but clarified by the change of colour. "Relation is the common language; relation is love, yes, love," he said.

From green to blue to red, almost a year elapsed, not to speak of the eleven years that separate the second *La desserte* from the first: Simplicity was no simple matter for Matisse. "I always allow myself to be guided by my instinct, to the extent to which it succeeds in vanquishing my reason," he wrote to a Russian critic. Western reason and Oriental instinct are continuously in conflict within him. "I am a romantic with a good half of the scientific, hence the struggle from which I sometimes emerge victorious, but exhausted," he confided to his friend the painter Charles Camoin. This "duality of feelings"—the words, again, are his—is as basic and permanent a trait of Matisse as the need for relation and unity. Nor are they contradictory: Had he not been so deeply torn between Western objectiveness and Eastern subjectivity, Matisse would not have made the act of relating that gives unity his central concern.

Overcoming duality—such is the real theme of *La desserte rouge*. The picture is brutally split in two: A rectangular corner, hacked out of the red room, represents the window, filled to the brim with the unmitigated greenness of the garden. Inside and outside, the protagonists of the picture are as sharply contrasted as the red and the green. Here, fruit dominates; there, flowers and blossoming trees. Indeed, the two-storey bowl in the middle of the picture provides a summary of the conflict: The lower storey is filled with fruit; the upper one, with flowers. [EDITOR'S NOTE: It is this bowl that gives the painting its name, *La desserte rouge.*]

The picture should fly apart, yet it doesn't, because Matisse has twinned things inside with things outside by giving them very similar forms or colours. The maid's hair bulges in the same way as the tree's foliage, the tentacular motif of tablecloth and wall-hanging echoes the shape of trunks and branches, the lemons on the table answer the yellow flowers on the lawn, the back of the chair slants at the same angle as the roof of the house at the far end of the garden. This sort of visual punning was to become one of Matisse's favourite devices as it provided him with a method for relating what was separate. Punning is spanning.

It is something more. When a form represents only one object, it merges into it, becomes fixed. To Matisse, fixity signified death. "I do not paint things," he said, "I only paint the relations between things." When the same form represents two very different objects, our eye, moved by the analogy, keeps moving from the one to the other. A continuous exchange is established. The visual pun is a bridge between heterogeneous realms, a window between the outside and the inside world. Windows, not surprisingly, are Matisse's most often used theme. The one in *La desserte rouge,* flat as canvas, with its frame-like sill, could easily be mistaken for a picture. Through this visual metaphor, Matisse is telling us that art is a window, an instrument for relating, a way of sharing.

Less than a year after *La desserte rouge,* Matisse set to work on his grandest pictures, "Dance" and "Music." Sergei Shchukin had commissioned "Dance" after seeing *La desserte rouge.* When Matisse showed him the life-size sketch, Shchukin found it "of such nobility" that he promptly commissioned "Music." Both were finished in 1910. For subject matter, Matisse had again reached back to

(Continued on page 198)





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HENRI MATISSE

(Continued from page 197)

an earlier painting, "Joy of Life," done in 1906, which depicts that very epitome of participation—a party, involving dancing, music, and lovemaking. With his usual "duality of feelings," Matisse has split "Joy of Life" in two: The dancers, now all female, have gone into "Dance"; the musicians, all male, have been reserved for "Music." By some strange cross-reference, the female dancers have a distinctly virile appearance, whereas the male musicians are curiously feminized or sexless.

Not sexless enough for Shchukin, who cancelled his commission after seeing the paintings, on the ground that having just adopted two young girls, he considered it improper to hang nudes in his house. A while later, he changed his mind; and Matisse chastened "Music" by overpainting the flutist's genitals with red gouache which, he told Shchukin, could be removed at any time with a wet sponge.

The Russian collector's allegation of impropriety was probably a mere pretext. The truth is that he must have been panic-stricken by his acquisitions—as if the guest one had invited for dinner had turned out to be a god. Even Matisse jumped back in terror when his eye suddenly fell on "Dance" as he was conversing with a friend in his studio. Never more than when he painted these two pictures must Matisse have felt himself "driven by I know not what, by a force alien . . . to my life as a normal man."

When first seen, "Dance" and "Music" seem awesome, almost monstrous—the kind of awesomeness and monstrosity that accompanies the manifestation of the sacred. A simple round, a mere concert—yet no picture of such overwhelming religiosity has been painted since the end of the Middle Ages.

La desserte rouge has given us the key to what makes it so: Religion is relation. As Matisse said: "Simple colours can act on intimate feeling the more forcefully the simpler they are." Here an ultimate of simplicity is reached. Three colours, unmodulated, cover these huge canvases: red for the bodies, green for the grass, blue for the sky. The forms are so schematic—especially in "Music"—that they make me think of primitive art and children's drawings.

Since the impact on the viewer is proportionate to the degree of simplification, these pictures actually draw the spectator in: The sardana that inspired Matisse for "Dance" is a Catalan round that anyone may enter. The hands of the dancers in the foreground are not quite joined, as if to invite the spectator to join and thus to benefit from the current of thrilling energy that runs through the garland of arms. Sharing, in other words, is the very subject of the picture.

It is, too, of "Music," less obviously, more sublimely. One can see Matisse's will at work on "Dance," harnessing its fierce energy in a very tight composition. In "Music," however, organization appears to have broken down, the eerie figures to be unrelated. They *were* related at one stage: the figures were turned toward, and looking at, each other; but Matisse finally made them as rigidly frontal as they are immobile. Yet by disconnecting them inside the picture, Matisse has connected them all the more forcefully with the viewer: violinist, flutist, and singers, tautly attentive, stare out at us as if we were the conductor from whom they will take their cue.

"Dance" is dynamic, "Music" static—yet the energy it conveys is even greater. It is spiritual, that of "Dance" is largely physical. In all religious experience, a phase of active mechanical inducement—a calisthenics of the soul—precedes the phase of passive vision and release. "Dance" corresponds to the first; "Music," to the second. "Dance" has to do with the connecting; "Music," with the union—union between the artist and his subject, between the work and the spectator, but also with that mysterious, more than worldly force that takes possession of people when they succeed in breaking out of the narrow limits of their selves and that, in various times and civilizations, has been hailed as the divine. There is an utter strangeness in "Music" that nothing in art history can explain but that sometimes occurs when participation leads to trance—in festivities such as the Dionysian bacchanals that are the theme of "Joy of Living," and, by way of consequence, of "Dance" and "Music."

"I would like it to be like a flower. I would like to make it my masterpiece," Matisse wrote to a friend in 1949. In 1951, the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence, entirely designed and decorated by Matisse, was inaugurated. Many of his friends were perplexed, not to say upset, by this sudden turn to Christianity on the part of a man whose concern with the Church had been at best remote. They would have been less astonished had they remembered the "quasi-religious feeling" that Matisse wrote about and illustrated so passionately forty years earlier. However, it would be a mistake to regard the Chapel as proof of a last-minute conversion: It is, no more and no less than "Dance" and "Music," an attempt to create the kind of festive environment that liberates the spirit from the bonds of everyday existence. It is wise to leave the question of Matisse's faith in the state of diplomatic ambiguity to which he assigned it: "Do I believe in God? Yes, when I work."

What is quite certain is that the Chapel remains rigorously in the line of Matisse's life-long preoccupations. That "duality of feelings," for instance, that had led to the polarization of the dynamic "Dance" and the static "Music" is echoed here by the confrontation of the "serene" Virgin and Child with the "tempestuous"—both descriptive terms are Matisse's—Road to Calvary.

The Chapel provides a still more striking illustration of Matisse's duality: On one side it is black and white—monumental drawing (such as that of the Virgin reproduced on page 114) translated into ceramic walls—while on the other, where the stained-glass windows glitter, it is all pure, nearly abstract col-

our. Bold and new as is this split between line and colour, it had long been implicit in Matisse's work. Indeed, as early as 1905, he told his Neo-Impressionist master Paul Signac about the worrisome tension that he sensed in his picture *Luxe, calme et volupté*. "Do you find, in my picture of bathing women, that there is perfect harmony between the character of the drawing and the character of the paint? To me they seem totally different from each other, and even absolutely contradictory."

Absolutely contradictory, and yet fused into one like—the simile is his—the words and the music of a song: Matisse had solved this problem before, but within the limits of easel painting. Now, the very rôle which he asked painting to play—"to participate in our life"—made him want to solve it on the scale of real, that is architectural, space. The Chapel at Vence is the answer to this desire. Plunged into a world of effortless simplicity (countless drawings were executed to give at last this impression of painless improvisation), a world in which the fluidity of light marries the blues, greens, and yellows of the windows with the black and white of the walls, the visitor is coaxed into a mood of celebration, made ready to dance or pray—or both. Looking at it, the eighty-year-old artist was justified in affirming: "This Chapel is the culmination of a whole life of work."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pierre Schneider, as Commissaire Général, organized and installed the recent extraordinary and beautiful Matisse Centennial Exhibition in Paris. In addition, he is the author of its catalogue.*

WILD ALICE

(Continued from page 170)

the physical is appended to words at once simple and ambiguous that are accessible to an English-speaking audience.

Gregory's *Alice* is an exploration in the form of games. His actors revert to the playroom. With ease and extraordinary skill, they assume the guises of animals, objects, and humans. Their bodies can form a mushroom as quickly as they can shape a giant snail. A fluid, disciplined, and wonderfully inventive sense of style pervades the performances in which the tenuous precepts of improvisation are transformed into arresting, always lyrical gestures and images.

The road to *Alice in Wonderland* has been circuitous for André Gregory. An interesting, handsome man in his thirties, with a lean, ascetic face out of Chekhov, he belies the controversy and setbacks that have marked his decidedly checkered career in the theatre. In a way, *Alice* has been Gregory's spiritual renaissance—a purifying experience that has cleansed the disillusioning aspects of his profession.

Born in Paris, of Russian parents, he came to the United States in 1941 when he was seven years old. His first impressions included the observation that the trees in New York were not as beautiful as those in Paris. During the World War II years, some Europeans thought of California as a substitute Riviera in the summer, and the Gregorys established what might be called a summer *salon* to which artists and members of the Hollywood aristocracy came. Garbo and Dietrich were frequent visitors. Dali came and painted a portrait of Gregory's mother with young André shown as a snail. Vladimir Horowitz stayed one summer, practising endlessly. "I was hugely impressed by his playing one single phrase over and over and over again. His quest for perfection amazed me no end," said Gregory. These summers were his first encounter with the magic of theatrical personalities —their luminous presence and compelling aura. "Our summer house became my magic palace."

Gregory's education, altogether conventional, led to Harvard University. "I liked Harvard. For one thing, I developed an absolute lust for history. For another, I began to take up acting and acted nonstop. What I remember playing terribly well was Trigorin in Chekhov's *The*

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WILD ALICE

(Continued from page 199)

Sea Gull. My worst part was Macbeth, for which Archibald MacLeish recently thanked me because he said it was the funniest evening he had ever spent in the American theatre. At any rate, I acted a lot but never directed."

After graduating from Harvard, Gregory joined the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York where he studied with Sanford Meisner and Martha Graham. "Martha taught 'movement' at the Playhouse," said Gregory, "and she was the first person in the theatre who had a tremendous effect on me. There was something about her physical presence that made a connection with me on a very deep and basic level. You could understand her nonverbally; she was pure magic."

Almost a year later, Gregory was inducted into the army for six months, but he emerged with two vital new attributes: a sense of courage ("Courage is central to the idea of theatre") and a passionate love of music developed from continual visits to an army library with a large record collection.

Back in New York, Gregory became an assistant to Jean Dalrymple who was then staging numerous revivals of Broadway musicals at the New York City Center. Then he joined the Actors Studio, and for the next five years worked with Lee Strasberg in private classes, working also in the Studio's Directors Unit. Later, he met Herbert Blau and Jules Irving who, at the time, were running their Actor's Workshop in San Francisco.

"It was at the Actor's Workshop that I really got a sense of what working with a company was all about," Gregory said. "I did everything. I was an actor, a stage manager, an assistant director. I worked like a demon and finally realized what it was I wanted to do: direct. Still, I didn't want to direct until I knew everything about the theatre. And so, after a year on the Coast, I came back to New York to produce Genêt's *The Blacks,* with a co-producer. It was a great success. Suddenly, I became the most successful young producer in New York, which meant, of course, that nobody would think of me as a director."

Stuart Vaughan, the head at one time of the Seattle Repertory Company, sometime later asked Gregory to be his associate director in Seattle. This move gave Gregory his first controversy.

"I directed Max Frisch's *The Firebugs;* and on opening night, the Mayor and six aldermen walked out because I had lined the proscenium arch with headlines of American political scandals that had been swept under the carpet. By some amazing piece of luck, I had also dug up an item that was the one political scandal that no one in Seattle ever mentioned—something having to do with political graft in the 'thirties. Well, it was the beginning of a very long bout of terrible frustration and controversy. But it gave me no inkling of what the next few years would bring."

The next few years Gregory spent in Philadelphia where he became a founder of the Theatre of the Living Arts. There, a director with considerable experience, he presented a variety of plays, including Bertolt Brecht's *Galileo,* Samuel Beckett's *Endgame,* Anton Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* and Rochelle Owens's *Beclch.*

Gregory's production of *Endgame* was perhaps his finest achievement in Philadelphia, for he treated Beckett's strange exercise in caged solitude as a visual tour de force. Upon entering the theatre, the audience was faced with what looked like a steel box, sixteen feet square, floating in midair. A collage of rusty junk lined parts of the inner walls constructed of meshed wires. The floor of the box was made of raked subway grating, the whole brilliantly lit from below, giving the illusion of a suspended cage that throbbed in space.

This highly charged optical effect gave the two actors within the box a look of agonized frenzy. Each gesture was part of a horrifying and bizarre choreography that underlined their hopeless sense of isolation. This, plus the humour of the play, produced what Gregory called "a vaudeville rooted in madness."

If *Endgame* proved a spectacular directorial and visual success, Rochelle Owens's *Beclch* proved a devastating *cause célèbre* that cost Gregory his job. The play's highly erotic, scatological excursion into African mores shocked the Philadelphians into anger. Gregory's board of directors fired him.

On the day he was fired, Gregory received a phone call from actor Gregory Peck, who was on the board of directors of the Inner City Cultural Center in Los Angeles. Would Gregory head their theatre project?

"At first I turned the offer down," said Gregory, "but then the job began to interest me because the theatre would have a completely interracial company and because they would bus thousands and thousands of high-school children into the theatre. I didn't think I'd get along with the school board, but they assured me that as long as there was no nudity and no obscenity, I would have complete artistic freedom.

"My first production was Molière's *Le Tartuffe.* As a result, 22,000 parents picketed the school board. The Catholic Church condemned it. Middle-class whites, middle-class Blacks, and middle-class Mexican-Americans picketed the theatre.

"You see, I had set *Tartuffe* in Mexican-American California. As I wanted to show the origins of California cattle money, I made Tartuffe a young, beautiful, and shrewd Uncle Tom corrupted by the very values he wants to uphold—a kind of Black Julien Sorel, really, loved by a white woman. All hell broke loose. I was clearly the wrong man for the job.

"When I returned to New York, I directed a Broadway play I shouldn't have directed. I was low. The phone didn't ring for fifteen months."

In the summer of 1968, Gregory went to Poland to study with Jerzy Grotowski at his theatre in Wroclaw. The experience led straight to his involvement with *Alice in Wonderland,* a project of the School of The Arts, a division of New York University. The School set Gregory free on both time and subject matter. The result was *Alice in Wonderland,* which, as the months went by, began to be talked about in underground theatrical circles. One year and a half later, it was produced at the Loft Theatre on Off-Off-Broadway and was shortly thereafter booked for presentation at colleges and universities throughout the country. The play opened officially on Off-Off-Broadway on October 1, 1970, at the Extension Theatre.

Why *Alice in Wonderland?*

"We decided to do *Alice* because one of the actresses in the group had just read it for the first time and began talking to us about it," said Gregory. "The moment she said *Alice in Wonderland* we all knew it was right —even though we had no play. Consciously, I think, my reason for doing it was that it would be an extraordinary test to create something out of nothing. One of the main reasons for wanting to create this company was that I wanted to go into areas of training and ideas of acting that I'd never been able to explore. Certainly seeing Grotowski's work was of great value because I could see that one could go even further. *Alice* seemed an extraordinary vehicle for training.

"Another reason was that I wanted, for once in my life, to create something that was really magical—again, with nothing, nothing but actors in a small room, and with whatever props we could find out on the street.

"Unconsciously, I think that Alice is me. *Alice* was kind of a trip for me to see whether I would exist in a world of fantasy or reality—and to see if there was a way of bringing the two together in my work. It was also a trip to revisit the monsters of my childhood.

"Until *Alice* I always accepted the economic restriction of the theatre: six weeks of rehearsal time before opening. I wanted to see what would happen if process and instinct became more important than results. What I think is so brave about the company is that we really

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DANNY KAYE

(Continued from page 169)

foot, with red cheeks, a black moustache, and polite eyes. He was totally taken aback when, on introduction, Danny leaped up and kissed him on both cheeks saying, "This is from Claude Terrail, and this from M. La Serre." Slightly disarmed, Monsieur Dumaine sat down for a moment. He asked what we would like for dinner. Danny said, "Whatever you would like us to eat." The eyes got warmer. He then asked what time we would like dinner. Danny asked, "What time would you *like* us to have dinner?" With his brown eyes now twinkling, the Maître thundered to Madame, "Champagne!" We had a superb dinner, deceptively simple, with a matchless Montrachet.

Afterward, Monsieur Dumaine not only came out to the little bar (a rare occurrence) but sat with us for two hours. The fact that Danny spoke little French and Dumaine no English was no deterrent—they became instant friends. Neither did he have the faintest idea of who Danny was or what he did. That the word had gotten round and the little bar was bursting at the seams with movie fans while others peered in through the windows made no dent whatever. After all, he was Dumaine, the greatest chef in France. Way past his usual bedtime when he bade us farewell, there were tears in his eyes, and he and Danny embraced each other fervently. After he left, Danny, *sotto voce*, asked Madame if he could just walk through and see the kitchen for a minute. Madame regretted that the rule against it was immutable, and if she dared to break it, there was no telling what her "chère tempête" ("beloved thunderstorm") would do.

The next morning at seven (an unholy hour for me), our friends and I preceded Danny to the dining room. After waiting an unconscionable amount of time, we were alarmed at seeing Monsieur Dumaine stagger in, holding his stomach and collapsing onto the nearest chair. After a moment we realized that he was rocking with uncontrollable laughter, wiping his eyes, clutching at himself, and shaking his head. It seems that Danny, who we thought was attending to the car, was in fact in the forbidden kitchen making scrambled eggs with diced onions and green bell peppers. The apprentices, who, unlike Dumaine, had seen Danny in the movies and adored him, were happily dicing and chopping away, and Danny was just beginning to beat the eggs when in walked le Maître. Danny paid no attention. Finally, Dumaine remarked to the air, "This man has a feeling for cooking. Observe the wrist, and how gently he beats the eggs." Danny just went imperturbably on, commanding butter for the skillet. When Dumaine timidly suggested, "Perhaps a little bit more butter," Danny, with an imperious gesture ordered him out of his kitchen. That was the birth of my husband, the chef.

Almost overnight, Danny, the helpless refrigerator starer, emerged full-blown, an intuitive, imaginative, intrepid, and almost infallible cook. The battle cry is "Let's try it," the key word "love." He doesn't care how many batches he has to throw out to get the taste or consistency he's after. I am not likely to forget the night, during his Italian period, when he decided to launch his new noodle machine. At midnight, after four hours of making and rolling dough, all of us were knee-deep in flour—which was also in our hair, eyes, and teeth—the machine spewing out noodles madly and inexorably, overflowing the inadequate bowls and shooting off in all directions. I knew then that I would probably live the rest of my life in the middle of a Hal Roach two-reel comedy.

Actually, Danny has become a master chef, with many cuisines, both the homely and the esoteric, in his repertoire. He was jet-propelled into Chinese cooking by a small piece of paper—his pilot's license—and thereby hangs another wonder; none of us can figure out why Danny, who claims that he can not add up a restaurant check, passed those murderous math exams. He started immediately to combine his two loves. We sent him to Salinas for garlic, to New Orleans for shrimp, to San Francisco for crab. When we ran out of missions, he found one that would take the better part of two years. He insinuated himself into the good graces of Ming, head chef of Johnny Kan's famous restaurant in San Francisco. Flying an almost steady run between L. A. and S. F., he watched Ming with the practised eye of a surgeon, then worked with him —chopping, dicing, stripping, straining, and carving.

At last, one night, he arrived home carrying a murderous-looking cleaver. It was, he explained, an accolade from Ming—his award for cooking a complicated dish perfectly. Over the next fifteen months, he was awarded about thirty-two cleavers of different weights, shapes, sizes, and thicknesses of blades, which, tenderly wrapped, take up most of our kitchen-drawer space. They are, to a Chinese chef, what lamé suits are to Liberace. He then studied with the young man who cooked for the staff, thus learning Chinese family cooking, which is completely different from banquet food. It is this cuisine with which steamed rice is served. During this time, he was using a little "wok," propped on one of our kitchen burners, and muttering that he needed a Chinese restaurant stove.

One afternoon, when I was in New York working and I thought Danny was safely up to his neck in his weekly television series, he called and, with the excitement of a six-year-old who had just been given a pony, announced that he had bought a Chinese restaurant stove.

"How big?"

"Oh, just eight or nine feet long, three or four feet deep."

"Where are you planning to put it?"

"It has two woks, one eighteen inches in diameter, one twenty-four inches, and a runoff in back."

"Where are you planning to put it?"

"In the back alley, just back of the kitchen."

Mollified, I suggested that he put a little shed over it, since Los Angeles nights are usually cold and damp—as it says in the song. Little shed, indeed. I came home to find a structure—glass

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DANNY KAYE

(Continued from page 201)

roofed, bamboo-cloth windowed, and sliding-glass doored—twenty-five feet long and twelve feet wide, the total width of the alley. My once sunny kitchen is now in twilight, and we have not needed a sauna. The Chinese kitchen on any sunny afternoon is a more than adequate substitute. Pretty fancy for a sauna. It *has* a long wooden bench against the white-brick alley wall, but the bench is black-leather cushioned. The chairs, custom built with bamboo-coloured wooden frames, seat ten or squeeze eleven around a table of same. It has its own huge refrigerator, spice cabinets, and shelves with butcher's blocks flanking the stove.

When Danny came home from his post-graduate course in Hong Kong, he brought special lanterns and has since added some from Copenhagen, which make an interesting blend. The lights are on dimmers (what else?), and when they're low, I feel as if I am living in a combined Chinese nightclub and opium den. No matter how distinguished or royal the guests, they have to walk through the service pantry, sometimes stumbling over dogs or cats, and through what Danny calls "the conventional kitchen" to get to D.K.'s C.K. No matter what the menu he cooks, from choucroute garnie, linguini alle Vongole, and paella to hot dogs and beans, it is served in the Chinese Kitchen. Our dining room is a lovely vestigial remnant, circa B.C. (Before Chinese), which I've been tempted to rope off and show, for a small fee, on alternate Tuesdays.

All the preparation for a Chinese dinner is done in the regular kitchen on a huge table topped with four-inch-thick birchwood. Since it covers the whole working area of the kitchen, at least five people can work on it simultaneously, which often happens.

The night before, Danny plans the menu with Estelle, our housekeeper and den mother, and/or me, or sometimes just phones it in from the airport. Some things, such as sharks' fins, birds' nests, et cetera, have to be soaked for twenty-four hours. After personally training the specially picked staff (we now have two overlapping shifts, minus a cook who tearfully left seven years ago because she hadn't been allowed to cook a single dinner in six months), he leaves them to do the comparatively simple but day-long chopping, peeling, dicing.

Since surgery is right next to the refrigerator (no accident), during these exacting procedures I have seen him eat ham and cheese sandwiches, a pickle, a wedge of beefsteak, and coffee topped by sixteen or eighteen health-food-store vitamins and protein wafers. Guests are startled that he never sits at the table to eat with them in the course (or I should say the many courses) of a Chinese dinner. *They* figure that he's concentrating on his cooking. *I* know that he's stuffed to the gills.

In spite of the fact that at Danny's request everyone is asked to dress very informally, most first-time guests don't believe it. The men arrive in proper shirt and tie and the ladies vary from the "little dinner dress" to Academy Award pyjamas. They are somewhat taken aback when Danny greets them in the outfit he wore to do the vegetables or a fresh version of same. By dinner time, however, he has teased the ties and jackets off the men. The subtle change into bonhomie is amazing.

On one thing, however, the chef is adamant and unrelenting. Dinner is served absolutely *on time* no matter what the name, rank, or box-office number of belated guests. Although Danny claims that he runs the world's most exclusive restaurant, inviting only people he likes and/or admires, guests have ranged from George Bye (his prop man at CBS) to Bill Paley—bossman of same—from an English secretary to a Royal Highness, and from a pilot instructor to the head of the FAA. When John Glenn came to lunch, by the way, he got what he wanted—scrambled eggs in concert with smoked salmon and rye bread with caraway seeds.

Danny particularly enjoys cooking for "big knife and fork" people, involving both gusto and capacity; "humming" eaters, those in a state of euphoria; and knowing gourmets.

High on the list comes Yul Brynner, whose favourites are Japanese tempura, and steamed rock cod (Chinese) dipped in flour and lovingly nursed in a hot wok until the skin is crunchy crisp, then ladled with the D.K. special sweet and sour sauce, and garnished with lightning artistry. Tying with Brynner for first place is Isaac Stern, with Steve McQueen, Artur Rubinstein, and Gregory Peck very close runners-up. Greg and Véronique lean toward the menu of gazpacho, barbecued rack of lamb—charred and rare—with a top secret Green Goddess salad and lime pie (which reminds me that I once saw Sandy Koufax practically inhale a whole pie on one of the L. A. Dodgers annual invasions for an Italian dinner).

On the distaff side, the leading knife and fork swingers are Shirley MacLaine, that rack-of-lamb girl; Barbra Streisand, who is mad for lop chong (a Chinese sausage); and Kitty Carlisle Hart, who not only swoons over every forkful, emitting little yelps of delight, but simultaneously puts away daintily a quantity that would make a ditch digger blush.

Although our regular clientele has other favourites, visiting firemen and birds of passage always pant for a Chinese banquet dinner (Mitzi and Sam Newhouse, who won one as a present at a charity ball in New York, flew all the way out to collect). However, all guests get a great deal of unexpected exercise since eating is only part of it. The moment Danny starts to cook, a few of them leap out of their seats to watch him. Soon I'm the only one left at the table. Sometimes even I can't resist.

Watching Danny cook a Chinese dinner is an almost indescribable aesthetic experience. In the very complicated and demanding process in which speed is essential, not a motion is wasted, yet even the smallest is full of unconscious and consummate grace. Audrey Hepburn said it's like watching "a great ballet dancer." Nureyev (who himself ranks high on the list of

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ORCHIDS

(Continued from page 143)

nisms for preserving the new identities once they have been produced.

It should be mentioned that orchids fascinated Charles Darwin for this reason, and that they have provided Darwin's critics with an enormous amount of anti-evolutionary argument ever since he pointed out their importance and interest in the study of their reproductive devices that he published in 1877.

The principal source of opposition to Darwinian thinking in this field was the idealistic school of botany, most of whose members were German and most of whom shared Johann Goethe's dislike of "all this chatter about marriage" in connection with flowers. These delicate gentlemen couldn't bear to think that a lily, a rose, an orchid, or even a common daisy could be anything as dismal as *ein geistloser Kopulationsmechanismus* (a spiritless mating apparatus).

These people pointed, among other instances, to the stunningly beautiful Javanese orchid, one of the Dendrobiums, whose flowers resemble a cloud of butterflies hovering along the line of a branch. They flower, dazzingly and marvellously, for from five to six minutes. How could such a brief explosion of beauty satisfy any useful purpose, they asked, and they went on to assert that it could only be accounted for in aesthetic terms, either as an expression of a kind of Bergsonian *joie de vivre*, a display of the élan vital, or as a display of decadence of the art for art's sake variety. Here was one flower that had to be flowering purely for flowering's sake.

But while thousands of orchids are brief flowers, thousands of others have the most enduring of blossoms. The range extends from the five minutes of the Javanese orchid to an astonishing nine months for the improbable Grammatophyllum multiflorum, the longest lasting of all flowers. A great many of the potentially longer living flowers last for just as long as they remain unpollinated—they may be able to last for two or three months, but they are apt to collapse with a dramatic suddenness once they have set seed. This is because fertilization sets off chain reactions that cause the generation of substances toxic to the floral structure. This is a fairly common arrangement in the world of flowers, but some of the short-lived orchid blossoms liquidate themselves in an unusual manner. As their buds open, the flowers are already secreting an enzyme that has the capacity to dissolve the cell walls of the fabric of the petals and sepals. The fully opened flowers are already beginning to digest themselves, and after the set interval of two to three days, each blossom collapses into a gelatinous mass.

Orchids have been grown for well over a thousand years in China, where they were painted and written about as early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The characteristic Chinese orchid of the older centres of culture is sweetly scented and has predominately white or greenish flowers, which hover delicately among grass-like or brush-like leaves. Many Westerners who see such orchids as they are represented in classical Chinese drawings or paintings fail to recognize them and take them for romantically idealized members of the narcissus or jonquil families. They were developed from the wild varieties available to Chinese plant hunters in wilderness areas near such centres as Soochow where the growers of the Middle Kingdom concentrated. The only places in China where orchids of the kinds sought after and admired by Western growers and collectors were grown were in the extreme south, in such towns as Kweilin and Canton. But here, as in central China and the North, the orchids grown by the Chinese were those natural to the region and rarely, if ever, exotic imports from overseas.

In contrast to all this, the growers and collectors of the West are either indifferent to or contemptuous of the hundreds of small but astonishingly lovely orchids that grow on their doorsteps. They speak slightingly of them as botanicals and leave them strictly alone. They are only interested in exotics from faraway places, and the story of both European and American growing is inseparable from that of the development of the ability to maintain artificial climates in greenhouses and conservatories which is part of the history of the industrial revolution and its technology.

The great take-off in the technique of orchid growing in hothouses that launched a mania for orchid collecting in the last half of the last century could not have happened until just that moment in history, not only because it had not been possible to create and maintain artificial climates in weatherproof enclosed spaces until then but also because it had not been possible to bring the delicate exotics from the tropics swiftly enough.

The eighteenth century's plant-handling techniques were exemplified by the arrangement of tubs shielded from the weather by a canvas awning on the poop deck of Captain Bligh's "Bounty" in which he attempted to take his breadfruit trees across the Pacific Ocean. Between Captain Bligh's day, in the mid-eighteenth century, and the eighteeen thirties, when the Duke of Devonshire's head gardener, the great Paxton, perfected the modern greenhouse, an enormous amount had been learned about transporting live plants. Plant collectors employed by rich gardeners had by then been ransacking the world for novelties for over a century, but nineteen out of every twenty growing specimens sent home were still being lost enroute as late as the 1820's. The rate of loss was more or less reversed when steamships came in. From the 1850's on, European growers could have any plant they could pay for.

In phase one of the history of Western orchid growing, it was a competitive sport for rich men. In the 'eighties and 'nineties, the mark of arrival, beyond keeping your own carriage, beyond having a town house and country place, a shoot in Scotland, or a string of race horses, was having an orchid house—and having in it something from the heart of Brazil, or darkest New Guinea, or upper Burma, that they hadn't got at Chatsworth, or in the Rothschilds' orchid houses at Tring Park.

This era ended, literally with a bang, one dark day in 1917 when the Duke of Devonshire pushed down the plunger of a detonator and set off the explosive charges that had been placed all round the foundations of Paxton's greenhouse on his Devonshire estate. The beautiful glass temple of extravagance shattered and vanished in a matter of seconds—the days in which a private individual could burn seven tons of coal a day to keep his tropicals warm had gone by.

The depression of 1929 completed the process that began during World War I, and the guardianship of the orchid has now passed to the commercial grower. In a way this has not been a bad thing. The pursuit of rarities and eccentricities is no longer a factor with the orchid grower who concentrates on beauty of form and colour as his predecessors did not. And if there has been a slowing down of the search for new orchids in the jungles and in the wild places of the world, there has been a more than compensatory advance in the art of creating new varieties by hybridization. Lovelier and more exquisitely coloured varieties of these most fascinating flowers are constantly being created. Those who feel that this second phase, in which the question of salability is the ultimately determining factor, may lead to the establishment of commercial types—commonplace in form and of conventional colour—as the norm of available orchids. But this has not happened yet, and in any case the more than twenty thousand wild varieties are still producing their own random hybrids all over the world and constantly adding to the endless repertory of the family's unique marvels.

NOTE: *The magnificent orchids on pages 137-142 are from the Lager & Hurrell nurseries, 426 Morris Avenue, Summit, N. J., 07901. Orchids and information were also provided by Dr. James A. de Tomasi, who keeps some of his collection at Planting Fields Arboretum in Oyster Bay, N. Y.*

DANNY KAYE

(Continued from page 203)

virtuoso eaters) described him as "a balletic matador," and Kitty Hart said it's "like watching a combination of Marcel Marceau and Dr. Christiaan Barnard." After he pours the proper amount of oil into the wok—his minions ready with the ingredients at his left—and as it gets to the proper heat, he reaches for each ingredient, seemingly without looking, concentrating on the look, smell, and sound of the food cooking. That tells him what to do with his left hand, with which he imperceptibly works the gas jet, raising or lowering the level of heat to either slow down or hasten the process; while with his right hand he is either tenderly coaxing and stirring or blending the bewildering array of spices for which he stretches his right hand unerringly, never taking his eyes off the wok, judging the amount with his fingers or the weight in the palm of his hand, occasionally using the tip of a spoon.

He is in constant but seemingly unhurried motion, the sound as well as the sight of the food signalling when it is done. There is an enormous difference between the sound of raw meat and fowl hitting hot oil, and more subtle differences in the sounds as it gradually or quickly cooks. He never stops to taste, relying entirely on his ears, eyes, and nose. Using a scoop with one hand gently to press and toss out unwanted juice or oil and a ladle with his other, he quickly arranges and garnishes the ambrosia of the moment on one or two china standing platters, and heaven help guests who don't race back to the table in time.

Being of a somewhat merciful nature, I sneak forks to neophytes who are having obvious difficulty with the chopsticks. I have great difficulty, however, in persuading them that a Chinese banquet (which is usually thirty courses) is supposed to be a series of tastes, with no one dish to be eaten in quantity. The neophytes, like Yves Saint Laurent, fainting over each ineffable new dish, and convinced that nothing comparable or better could possibly follow, pay scant attention and conk out after five or six courses. Fortunately, Estelle and I have coaxed Danny down from fifteen courses to eight to ten.

It would be difficult to give a typical menu, but Szechwan chicken is very often on, not because the preparation is spectacular, not because it looks beautiful—which it does—but because the sauce has such an exotic, totally individual flavour that the "regulars" demand it and newcomers, first, can't get enough of it and then rend the air with cries about the fire in their stomachs. One of the steps is a sure, lightning dissection of a whole chicken into small pieces just the size for chopsticks. The late celebrated surgeon Dr. Charles "Chuck" Mayo very seriously assured me that no surgeon in the world could do it as fast and as well, and most certainly not with a three-pound cleaver. As for the sauce, Danny insists that he makes it "mild enough for babies." I can vouch for this, because, when he cooks it for the knowing Chinese restaurateurs who are our friends, at the very smell of it I start to choke and have to leave the room in disgrace.

They even tell me, by the way, that there is no Chinese cooking in America to compare with Danny's, not only because of his skill and imaginative subtle seasoning but also because he buys only the top quality of every ingredient. "Any restaurant," said Johnny Kan, "would go broke in a week." And I can vouch for *that*, too. I leave it to Estelle to check the bills, and she then breaks it to me gently, on a good day, when I look strong.

After such a profusion of food, I feel that a little exercise is necessary—so I think I'll jump to a conclusion: THE END

SZECHWAN BEEF OR PORK IN BAU BIEN

(four servings)

The following recipe has been approved by the Master, with the dire warning that unless cooked on a proper Chinese stove, it won't be the same. Get Hoisin sauce, Lau Ju wine, and Szechwan peppers at a Chinese grocery. Cooking sherry as a substitute for the Lau Ju *will not do.*

1 pound sirloin beef or pork, sliced thin
Green Szechwan peppers (or chilis, but taste differs)
3 tablespoons sesame-seed oil
1 to 2 tablespoons Lau Ju wine
Soy sauce
Garlic
Salt
1 tablespoon corn starch
1 carrot
1 green pepper
2 tablespoons Hoisin sauce
2 cups flour

For Bau Bien ("Chinese tortillas"): Mix flour with ½ cup hot water and knead until smooth, shiny, and elastic. Let dough rest until it wakes up—about 15 minutes. Roll into a sausage shape 1 inch in diameter and slice in 1-inch pieces. Roll each piece very thin and fry in a hot, dry skillet until it blows up and bubbles. Flip, cook until done on other side.

Pound slices of beef or pork very thin and cut in 2-inch strips. Cut washed green pepper, peeled carrot in matchsticks. Grind hot peppers into a paste.

Put 2 tablespoons oil in wok or skillet; add salt and a pinch of finely chopped garlic. Get oil very hot and cook meat until it begins to turn colour; remove with slotted spoon.

Throw green peppers and carrots into same oil: toss 1 minute over high flame. Add meat, wine, soy sauce, and about 1 tablespoon hot pepper paste.

"Season discreetly, trusting your nose."

Stir in up to 1 tablespoon corn starch dissolved in water. Remove meat and vegetables with slotted spoon to drain oil.

Mix Hoisin sauce with 1 tablespoon oil and spread like jam on Bau Bien.

"Place Szechwan dynamite on Bau Bien; roll like Swedish pancakes or blintzes, depending on your ancestry."

Eat like tacos, with pancake in one hand and a glass of ice water or chilled vin rosé—or a fire extinguisher—in the other.

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Home of the Tournament of Champions

ADORNMENT

(Continued from page 156)

tions now living can still remember.

Clothing models are taking refuge in fiction, and the press, television, and films palliate the individual deficiency by briefly dressing the spectator as hero. As in all regions of the imagination, the models are few and monotonous, and a short inventory exhausts the repertory: the Sioux Indian, the cowboy, the musketeer, the warrior of some indefinite ancient epoch, the soldier, the astronaut—all these symbols of aggression. The scholar in shirt and horn-rimmed glasses, the financier, the gangster, the femme fatale, assorted Tibetans, Asians in uniform, the detective, plumed "savages" enrich clothing themes.

Symbols of identification thus tend to become interchangeable and strictly intellectual tools: They are no longer a biological envelope. As the latter, they survive only in narrowly restricted milieux and in exceptional circumstances—government functions, law courts, academic or university ceremonies, racing events, and sports.

Wedding dress preserves a degree of vitality, but initiation symbols—like the dress for First Communion—and the symbols of widowhood are in rapid regression. In the end, apart from the tenacious vestiges of wedding clothes, for the great majority of people this levelling allows only the professional uniform to survive, the indispensable element in the economic efficacity of the mechanic or the deep-sea diver.

The ordinary clothing of lay people is subject to constant adjustments of detail, which in all civilizations label the succession of generations, and constitute fashion. Often this evolution affects the general structure of apparel only very slowly (the basic items of our dress have hardly altered in a hundred years), but because it is directly connected with seduction, it gives rise to competition and to countless variations at a rhythm that is constantly renewed as fresh broods of human beings reach sexual maturity.

Professional dress is subject to quite different evolutionary rhythms. It adheres, albeit not rigidly, to prevailing styles and if its function remains unchanged it can survive through several generations. The soldier's uniform evolves in step with successive wars but from one to the next exhibits a conservatism that enriches it with the prestige of tradition. This conservatism is still more marked in institutional dress; a good hundred years of gradual shifting is the minimum for change in official milieux such as the political, diplomatic, juridical, and academic worlds.

Tradition is all-powerful for the religious costume, since religion is equated with the mastery of time. Religious garb should be invariable and should evoke the majesty of forms and the permanence of time.

In modern societies, a separation has gradually been established between what is truly and what is symbolically lived. No one would ever confuse a ball and a ballet, or a Mass at Notre Dame and the Mystery of the Passion in the same surroundings. However, in the great traditional fêtes of the past Imperial Court of China or Japan, it is not so easy to separate what is civil or religious ceremonial from what is theatre, what competition. Temple or palace, together with their appropriate dignitaries, and stage plus actors merge into one another when the actors are drawn from the assemblage of dignitaries.

In such ceremonies, at whatever level one is placed, each participant is alternately walk-on and spectator, up to the point where numerical ratios set apart from the mass a passive group which actually is watching the performance. Even so, there would be no performance were it not for the cooperation of the "public."

Symbolic specialization and the separation of actors from spectators reach their height in modern mass society where the majority of individuals no longer play any rôle as social walk-ons and where, through the medium of television, all prestige manifestations are reduced to the level of pure spectacle. Conversely, wherever the carnival survives, all participants live both rôles at once.

In primitive or traditional societies, symbolic socio-religious behaviour offers every possible transitional step from the rôle of the isolated individual—like the shaman who acts out before the crowd his voyage in search of the sick man's guardian spirits—to the society of initiates who offer a highly elaborated performance of their dances, or to the Australian tribe that acts out its tribal myth in unison.

Zoological research has unearthed a mass of facts demonstrating that attitudes and distinguishing physical marks dominate the social comportment of birds and mammals on two levels—the hierarchical ranking of individuals and the relations between representatives of the two sexes.

The essence of social relations is linked with these two complementary aspects of biological behaviour. The dominant-dominated relationship, courtship displays, or relations involving prestige or coquetry are the specific form and the ethnic form of the same phenomenon.

In the case of man, the symbolic superstructure intervenes truly as superstructure, that is to say, no fundamental difference separates the bird's crest from the helmet's plume, the cock's spur from the sabre, the nightingale's song or the pigeon's cooing from the country dance.

What is striking about modern evolution is that the major portion of our social symbols has been lost. It is a commonplace to state that ethnic or professional dress and attributes have disappeared. It is banal to mention the dwindling and social uniformization of language. Yet we do not possess too many evolutionary criteria, and this development, which breaks with past traditions that seemed to characterize social man best, is not negligible.

It would be very important to learn whether the realization of a universal type (if not in languages, then at least in dress, verbal, and behavioural attributes) based on the characteristics originally belonging to the well-to-do classes of Europe corresponds to a mere stage in development, beyond which a new diversification will take place; or if, on the contrary, masculine elements on the one hand, and feminine on the other, would ideally be identical, and be ready to recognize each other immediately and to be substituted for each other instantly in their class of productivity. The realization of an earthly mega-ethnos of uniform elements is not inconceivable; actually, it has been the explicit or implicit idea of several philosophers or sociologists since antiquity.

It is obvious that the path man has followed leads toward the mega-ethnos, a unit of terrestrial measurement like the term "mega-death," which was devised to express the power of nuclear weapons. It is therefore only curious to seek for the ways by which the zoological flux will continue to escape, for, in a word, it is a question of maintaining man in a sufficiently "sapient" situation so as to avoid a dehumanization that would become prejudicial to the efficiency of the social machine.

Automation has already been achieved in the petroleum industry. We can readily foresee the day when national governments will no longer have to rely on the uncertain services of the artilleryman, and the masses of mega-dead can be indirectly "treated" by electronic command panels: The possibility is already a reality.

In the social aspect, audio-visual techniques, even in their present imperfect state, provide an already very efficient relay system. We are in a state of survival still: The city worker still strikes off from his basic itinerary to attend a sports match or go fishing or watch a parade; he still possesses a social life—it is restricted but permits him to go so far as to share in the activity of a given society.

However, more and more, his direct social activities outside his essential circuit are localized in his adolescence and pre-marriage years where direct participation is necessary for collective survival.

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

SOPHIA LOREN

(Continued from page 124)

technique—the pleading eye and the laughing mouth—the certainty; from the privations of her childhood. the sense of pathos and the surprising awareness of social inequality. Her idea of justice is direct: "I worked hard. I deserve everything I've gotten." But her grand success is perhaps the promise that she'll always come out on top no matter what. And behind even her most serious rôles lurks that voluptuous, wobbling image of the pizza-maker's wife, from her early film *The Gold of Naples*, the woman who knows she can win by the sheer force of her extravagant beauty.

Sophia Loren, however, seems to depend very little on her looks. Her reddish-brown hair hanging long and loose, at close range she seems taller, her features thinner and finer than in the movies—her eyes that extraordinary amber. She has a whopping sense of humour that borders on the bawdy. She can impart a confidence, overblown and operatic—"I have too much feeling; I have to act to be able to laugh and cry"—with such an evil glimmer in her eyes that laughter is the only response.

Her voice, shaped and reshaped, isn't quite real—a trifle high and muted. If she loses her temper or goes scurrying after Chipi, the music returns.

She is clever but she is also remarkably smart, with a glorious pick-up on people she has met for only an instant. She has an uncontrolled feminine urge to gossip not about minor scandal but about what makes people tick. Men are a constant source of curiosity. Wide-eyed, she asked Ines Bruscia, her secretary-companion of fifteen years, "But *why* did he do that?"

She is still caught off guard by people but not by the enormous riches that pour from her movies. Rather smugly, she said, "Carlo buys paintings. I buy jewellery." (At the Villa Ponti, there are some five hundred paintings and sculptures. Even after her New York robbery, Sophia Loren's jewellery collection remains a mystery. "I don't wear it," she explained.)

Both Pontis have frugal streaks. Food at the Villa is simple, the honeycomb of wine cellars, meagrely stocked. When Carlo Ponti says he works seven days a week to keep the house going, it is only a half-joke. (Houses, really. There is another in Paris and an apartment in New York.)

"You see there are no more stars," Sophia said. "Television destroyed the mystery. When people see me, they say, 'Here's my sister, my best friend, my mother.' They like me because I'm their mother."

Climbing up a narrow round of stairs to the second floor of the new wing, to a long white room with three huge round tables, Sophia said, "Carlo calls this the 'ladies' room.' You see all the paintings have women in them. This is where we play poker at night. We're here more than you would imagine."

Her hand brushes a small Renoir terra-cotta of a mother and child. "I am really best at playing mothers; I was born to be a mother."

In her bedroom with its gigantic bed and frescoes of three Seasons, the remains of the fourth hidden behind a seventeenth-century painting of a Madonna and Child, Sophia Loren stopped beside a harpsichord covered with pictures of her family, Carlo, Chipi, and her sister, perhaps her closest friend.

"What a woman wants most from a man is rationality. Not so much to do her thinking for her but to back her up. I'm so crazy, I need that."

Chipi's room, the nursery, is next to Sophia Loren's bedroom. "For a long time, there was something wrong with my life. I worked too hard. I wanted to be a mother and I couldn't. Only when I come in this room do I know I'm a woman."

Across the hall from the nursery is Sophia Loren's study. "I like to read, but I like most reading love stories, stories that will make me cry. My favourite just now is *Anna Karenina*. Carlo and I are going to do it for American and Russian television. We'll film it in Russia."

"Gwendolina's room . . ." (Ponti's sister); "the guest room . . ." (walls hung with the grotesqueries of the George Grosz-Berlin drawings); and "Carlo's room" (she threw on the switch, briefly, illuminating tables stacked with bound scripts and uncut books). Then, down around a round of tiny stairs to Ponti's study on the first floor.

Carlo Ponti stood behind the desk in his study, talking on the phone—first to Zurich, then to Paris, negotiating colossal sums of money for a new production. He grabbed Sophia's hand, nodded his head toward a picture on his desk of himself and Sophia Loren taken by Irving Penn for Vogue. He is small, shorter than Sophia Loren, but thoroughly in charge.

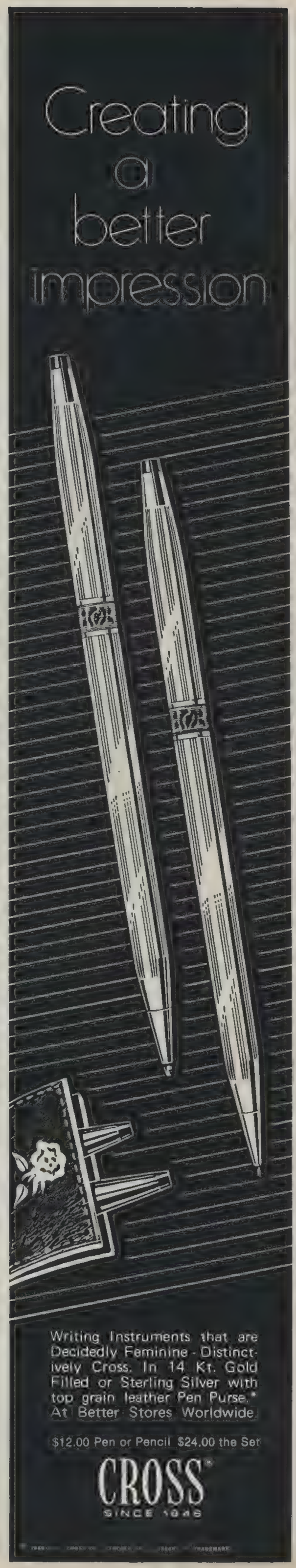
Sophia Loren went down the stairs to the gardens and swimming pool behind the Villa: "Having Chipi gave me the childhood I never had. I learned to listen, to watch how the animals eat, to run. He gave me back my heart.

"Here I like to wear what I want, go without shoes. But I must be very careful. Always, the *paparazzi* taking pictures with their long lenses. If I wear something loose, they say I'm having another baby. If I wear a bathing suit, then they say I'm having an affair."

Only when it is seen from the guest house, further down the hill, does the Villa take on its real scale. Inside, the house is comfortable, shady like a tree house floating on the tops of the cypresses surrounding the Villa. From below, it seems a palace. Sophia Loren points out the aviary with its forty-or-so birds and the greenhouse-*pinacoteca* (a gallery stuck on to hold three hundred paintings and drawings by contemporary Italian artists) that flank the Villa.

On the hill on which the Villa is built, two women and three men are bending down, catching the grass with their hand scythes. Ancient busts stand between the trees staring out with blank marble eyes. The Villa is behind, and ahead the gnarled trunks of the olive trees. From below, Chipi's laugh floats up.

"My little bird. How happy I am. Ah, but that's only a word. How content I am. How content I am to be at home."



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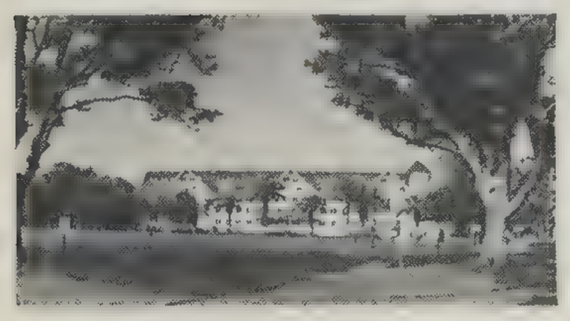
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DEATH IN VENICE

(Continued from page 165)

said Visconti, 'you are Thomas Mann.' That was rather upsetting, since for months he had been opening his arms to me with '*Ecco*, my Mahler!'

"My major problem at the moment is that Papa will not discuss the script. I think I'm the only person with the English version, a poor translation. I asked Visconti the other day why the script has the word 'incontinence' when the word in the book is 'chastity,' and even he agreed that must be changed.

"My fear is how we are going to establish that this aging man who has come to Venice to die was once a powerful and celebrated musician. We also have to get over the argument of the book, and that is not going to be easy."

I joined Bogarde again at two in the morning in a palazzo off the Grand Canal. Here, for an hour, makeup men turned him into Aschenbach, aged his eyes, fitted a pair of rimless spectacles, stuck on a moustache, and dressed him in an original suit of 1911.

Later, aboard an old steamer, anchored opposite the convoluted Church of Santa Maria della Salute, the actors, extras, crew, and director waited for the first light of dawn to shoot Aschenbach's arrival in Venice. Visconti's handsome head, a blend of hawk and lion, moved among the crew; and while he instructed them, he continually drew around his throat a brown cashmere scarf.

We first saw Aschenbach leaving the boat, interrupted by an obscenely renovated old man, whom first he had mistaken for one of a group of young people. Bogarde went through seven takes, seven brief essays in contained emotion and character probing, each employing one of those expressive legendary Bogarde looks.

Luigi Battaglia, once a prompter to Pirandello, played the old man, the messenger of death. To encourage his performance, Visconti prodded him, shook him, and then thrust him forward, although his directions to Bogarde had been markedly more gentle. He arranged a scarf, sculpted his cheek as if to further hollow the flesh; and when Bogarde whispered to him that he found it almost impossible to look at the old man, Visconti replied gently, I have faced old age, and so must you."

At dawn the director shot a flotilla of gondolas approaching the boat, and, well pleased with the night's work, he returned to the Gritti Palace for a glass of champagne.

Saturday: I joined Bogarde and his manager for a late lunch at Harry's Bar. "Papa was very happy last night," Bogarde said. "He's changed a good deal since we made *The Damned*. Then he was often angry and nervous, knowing that it might be his last statement. I had turned the part down three times; and when we eventually met each other, I explained that the script was no good. 'Do you think I'm going to make that rubbish?' he said. So I asked him why he wanted me; and Visconti replied, 'I need a very good actor to play a very bad part.'

"He didn't teach me a great deal, but he made me pull out the toys from my box—he could recall things I had done years ago in other films. He forced the playing as if he were making an opera—could we do this like Liszt or that like Wagner, or 'Don't be so bloody Puccini.'

"Visconti can be cruel with actors; and if you haven't got the discipline, you've got to be prepared to learn it. He very often works with four cameras and choreographs a full twelve-minute take, so that even off camera you have to go on acting, just in case."

Sunday: And with a day to spare, I tried to clarify what Visconti would do with the original book. You may recall the plot: Aschenbach, tired by years of devotion to his craft, decides to travel, and goes finally to Venice. Among the guests at his hotel at the Lido is a Polish family, one of the children a boy of about fourteen, Tadzio, who for Aschenbach possesses perfect beauty. His admiration becomes passion, which the middle-aged

man keeps to himself just as the Venetians hush up the spreading epidemic of cholera. Even with the knowledge of pestilence, Aschenbach can't bring himself to leave. His spirit broken, he dies on the beach of the Lido, bewitched by the sight of Tadzio at the edge of the sea, like Hermes, beckoning him to the "promising and the monstrous" and to death.

The scriptwriter Nicola Badalucco, a rather ponderous man, altered the original by creating a new character, a friend of Aschenbach called Alfried, who stands in for the conscience of the musician and represents, in the Faustian tradition, his temptation. "We can not travel down the path of beauty without finding Eros at the end of it. . . ." So muses the unfortunate Aschenbach in Badalucco's script.

Dining with Bogarde that night, I heard his unfavourable view of the words. But the script is only one of Bogarde's worries. "At a point in the film Aschenbach goes to a Venetian barber to have his hair dyed and his face painted. I felt we might have gone too far and asked Visconti if the makeup worked, to which he replied, 'We have a saying here that you have to walk on the edge of a knife.' I told him we had that saying, too. . . .

"I've got to remain close to the original, avoid caricature, and not give offense. It's agony. But when I made the crew weep by looking at the child's back—then I knew it worked. And Papa seems pleased. When he was pressing the money boys to have me, he said, 'Bogarde is like a pheasant hanging in the cellar and just ready to drop.' Not the most flattering comparison, but it seemed to work!"

Early one morning I went out to the location, the beach at the far end of the Lido. There, the set designer Ferdinando Scarfioti had built beach cabins of slatted wood, ornamented *à la chinoise*, painted aquamarine and French grey. He had added awnings of faded terra-cotta, striped grey, and pale green. On the sand he had set up a hugely decorative Oriental tent for a Russian family.

Both Scarfioti and the costume designer Piero Tosi had made authentic designs of the period, 1911. Tosi had put the women into crumpled white-linen suits, topping them with galleon hats and billowing veils. He dressed the children in mob caps and striped bathing costumes in muted colours, and he had supervised the dress of hundreds of extras and bit players arranged on the beach.

The sun shaded by a pearly cloud and a sea drained of colour conspired to create the sirocco weather that Visconti required. Along the beach a group of women strolled, the wind ruffling their silk veils and lifting their parasols. A fat Russian grandmother in an embroidered blouse sat in front of the Russian tent, and nearby a Fräulein from the Baltic provinces sat painting at her easel. The evocation of period was perfect, a Boudin canvas drained of colour.

With the crew I watched Aschenbach's arrival on the beach, a crumpled man with a pedantic walk. Alma Mahler had once told Visconti that her husband walked as if he were about to fall over, in quick little motions. And Bogarde had adapted this, rejecting the quick little steps but lifting his toes a little as if choosing his way.

Out of camera Bogarde maintained a contained privacy, knowing how minutely he must perform, how the concentration had to be husbanded. Visconti filmed him laying out his newspapers and letters on his cabin table; lighting a cigarette, and finding nowhere to deposit the match, dropping it surreptitiously on the sand. He finally catches sight of the Polish boy Tadzio.

Only once did Visconti interrupt Bogarde, warning him not to look so anxious and reminding him that he had only seen Tadzio at that point once before. Meanwhile, the boy, played by the Swedish actor Bjorn Andresen, walked before the camera gracefully, unself-consciously. Other than directing each scene and nagging him to keep his shoulders covered from the sun, Visconti did not discuss the script with Bjorn. But this slim boy with the flat

(Continued on page 211)

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DEATH IN VENICE

(Continued from page 209)

slate eyes seemed to understand what it was about. Bogarde said of him, "Once you hold his eyes, he holds yours, fixes you like a python. It's not like playing with a child actor, he's a *proper* actor."

On the following day we saw Visconti in the best of moods. He shot children at play and filmed Bogarde eating strawberries. "Eat them with more relish," he ordered. "Remember you have travelled south to eat fruit like this."

At lunch he explained how he first met his costume designer, Piero Tosi. "He was nineteen when he first came to me. I thought his work looked interesting but told him to go away, because he had time. You remember when Jean Cocteau had persistently plagued Diaghilev, Diaghilev told him to come back and 'Étonne moi' (Astonish me)."

Of working with Bogarde: "While working on *The Damned*, I realized that Dirk was Mann's Aschenbach. I knew I could make a film based on his eyes. When he sees Tadzio kissed by another boy on the beach, he must smile from the interior a special amused smile, in no sense broad. And Dirk found that smile at once."

Visconti continued: "In this film I must approach the interior with extreme realism. And with irony in the way that Thomas Mann was ironic. I've told Dirk to be a little self-ironic, since true tragedy makes you laugh. The result must be a film detached, never abandoned to sentimentality, always clear. Twice I will use interior monologue, but there are few words.

"Mann's view of the artist is as a sick man, hiding behind a bourgeois façade, but really in opposition to society. Aschenbach is destroyed by that confrontation. He searches for an absolute standard; and as soon as he sets eyes on beauty, on this boy who is Aphrodite, he is close to death. Recognizing such ideal beauty in life, he asks himself to what purpose is his search for an aesthetic ideal in his work.

"Aschenbach has a presentiment of his own death when he comes to Venice. But in the end, I believe, he dies of a broken heart."

I asked Visconti: "What is your answer to the criticism that you over-decorate your work?"

"I don't believe I decorate since I use objects as words. I don't want them to become symbols. Symbols are for Antonioni, not for me."

"Do you think you use too many theatrical devices in your films?" I asked.

"Yes, it's true, I borrow from the theatre too much. And undoubtedly, working in the theatre, I borrow from cinema and use filmic lighting effects."

Visconti has often been accused of pessimism, of a resigned view toward human behaviour. But when I questioned him about this, he replied: "On the contrary, I am always ultimately optimistic except perhaps in *The Damned*, and with that situation such a view would have been improper."

That afternoon I watched Visconti work with Silvana Mangano, an actress of impregnable chic, who plays Tadzio's mother. In the late afternoon he turned to a much more taxing scene in which Aschenbach follows Tadzio onto the beach, and under a terrible compulsion to touch him, suffers in his guilt and excitement a heart attack.

Several weeks after I had left Venice, Aschenbach died on the beach. I was told that for the scene Bogarde was made up with what was thought to be a cleaning fluid in order to wrinkle the skin. He then had to wait through the day until six in the evening when Visconti considered the light to be suitable. When they finally shot the scene, according to Bogarde's manager: "Dirk's will to die had ebbed a bit. It wasn't made easier by having to have the as-yet-unwritten soliloquy mirrored in his eyes, not to mention the vision at the moment of the final seizure. However, he passed on over and out about ten times, and Visconti told everyone how good it was. It was the first and only time that Dirk heard him cry 'Bellissimo.'"

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NIJINSKY

(Continued from page 160)

The Preakness—and might have won The Belmont Stakes, this country's Blue Ribbon, but for bad racing luck. The hex followed Northern Dancer; about a month later he bowed a tendon in a foreleg in the course of a training gallop. Mr. Taylor retired Northern Dancer straightaway, and it looks as though that little colt may give us a bloodline enriching the whole world of racing.

For the past fifteen years it has been Mr. Taylor's custom to offer at auction all the yearlings bred at his Windfields Farm on the edge of Toronto and at the National Stud at Oshawa, Ontario. He raced those that were not sold, occasionally hitting the jackpot. For one, nobody wanted Northern Dancer, who had a reserve price tag of $25,000; and the chances are that they wouldn't have taken him at half the price, for he was a runty looking fellow, hardly bigger than a pony. Nijinsky was something else again. At a sale in 1968 he had a reserve of $60,000, and bidding on him was brisk. George Scott, president of Engelhard Industries of Canada, Ltd., acting as Mr. Engelhard's agent, finally bought him for $84,000. Shortly after, Nijinsky was shipped to Vincent O'Brien's stables at Ballydoyle in Ireland.

Nijinsky's first winning races were in Ireland: The Erne, The Beresford, The Anglesey, and The Railway Stakes, all won with such consummate ease O'Brien sent him across the channel for The Dewhurst Stakes, one of England's important events for two-year-olds. At the end of last season he was rated best of his generation in The Free Handicaps. Curiously, although he easily won The 2,000 Guineas Stakes, the first of the classics for three-year-olds, at one mile, by a couple of lengths, the critics were not impressed. Particularly, they wondered if he was bred to go the mile and a half of The Derby. It was quite another story after he won it by lengths from Winston Guest's French colt, Gyr. Then they hailed him as the best middle-distance colt in Europe. His victory in The Irish Sweeps Derby at The Curragh of Kildare was spectacular. A horseman I know, who was there, told me that Nijinsky followed behind eight or nine horses. Then, suddenly, my man doesn't know how he did it, Nijinsky was three lengths in front, and coasting in. From all accounts, I'd say that his best race was the weight-for-age King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, at one mile and a half, in which he came down the stretch at Ascot with Lester Piggott looking back at the jockey on Blakeney, winner of The Derby last year, riding for life. After that, The St. Leger Stakes, at one mile, six furlongs, and 132 yards, at Doncaster, England, was little more than a carbon copy of his efforts in The Guineas and The Derby. About half an hour after the race was over, Charles Engelhard, who'd won The St. Leger before with Indiana, Ribocco, and Ribero, said to someone: "I'm still nervous. That was the longest race I ever watched."

Mr. Engelhard, an industrialist heavily involved with precious metals, particularly platinum and gold, is no stranger to racing. He has had a stable in this country for about ten years, and before that horses in England, France, and South Africa. His horse Hawaii, whom he brought from South Africa, was voted the best horse on grass courses last season. Here, he races in the *nom de course* of the Cragwood Stables. Abroad, in his own name and colours: "green, scarlet sash, yellow sleeves, green cap." Though Mr. Engelhard has always been well up on the list of winning owners here and abroad, he is best known for his buying high-priced yearlings at the sales. Every year for the past four or five he's spent at least a million dollars. At Mr. Taylor's sale last year, he gave $140,000 for a full brother to Nijinsky whom he named Minsky. This year he went into high. Last July at Keeneland in Kentucky, he gave $986,000 for fourteen horses. At Saratoga a fortnight later, he spent $532,000 for six. He gave $100,000 each for two from private breeders, and at a recent Taylor sale, a colt by Buckpasser out of Northern Queen brought $180,000 from him.

To balance his books, you might say, Mr. Engelhard has sold thirty-two shares at $170,000 a share—a total of $5,440,000—in Nijinsky, who was retired from racing to the stud at Arthur B. Hancock, Jr.'s Claiborne Farm in Kentucky late in November. (Syndication was thought up years ago to assure services to successful stallions.) Each share entitled the holder to send one mare a year to Nijinsky, and although it was extraordinarily high, twenty-five men thought enough of his potential to buy all the shares available. Among the buyers were E. P. Taylor, John Hay Whitney, Paul Mellon, Ogden Phipps, Whitney Stone, R. J. Kleberg, Jr., and John Galbraith. Mr. Engelhard retained seven shares. (That same week Mr. Taylor announced the syndication of Northern Dancer for only $2,400,000.)

The Irish call Vincent O'Brien just about the greatest racing trainer in the world. They may be slightly prejudiced, so let's look at the record. He is the only man who has saddled three winners in a row at The Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, a race that goes back to 1839—Early Mist in 1953, Royal Tan in 1954, and Quare Times in 1955. Everything ran in threes for him in The Cheltenham Champion Hurdle Cup: Hatton's Grace winning it in 1949, 1950, and 1951. His Cottage Rake, a brilliant jumper, won The Cheltenham Gold Cup in 1948, 1949, and 1950. Turning to flat racing, he's scored in The Derby three times, with Larkspur in 1962, Sir Ivor in 1968, and, of course, Nijinsky.

A mild-appearing, grey-haired, small man, he's the last one you'd guess works with horses. He's so quiet-spoken you have to strain a little and prick up your ears to catch what he says, and there is decisiveness to his words that is almost clerical. Definitely, he is not a man to argue with, as the rich men he has trained for have found out. The men who work for him say that he is very thorough, knows

(Continued on page 214)

Bali-Go—All the Fashions You Want Wherever the Sun Shines Hot

Fashion details for pages 172-195. All coiffures by Christophe Carita. Real hairpieces by Leon Buchheit; Dynel hairpieces from Tovar-Tresses.



PAGE 173
Hooded shirtdress of red-and-white georgette. By Lanvin, Paris and New York, of Ducharne fabric; about $200. At Bonwit Teller; J. P. Allen; Montaldo's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Belt by Paul de Croom.



PAGE 174
Lavender-and-white flower-print shirtdress by Beene Bazaar; Celanese acetate crêpe by Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. About $140. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros. Trifari necklaces.



PAGE 175
Green harem pants and tiny top from Boutique Donald Brooks; a Ban-Lon turnout of Du Pont nylon (Maxwell fabric). About $130. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Joseph Magnin. Trifari choker.



PAGE 176
Indian-print dress with laced peplum bodice and long flounced skirt. By Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Avril and cotton by Crantex; about $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Maison Blanche.

PAGES 177, 187
Black bikini top, Qiana nylon from Chardon-Marché; long wrap skirt of Indian-printed Avril and cotton by Crantex. Matching flounced underskirt, not shown. Oscar de la Renta Boutique; about $145. At Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Trifari choker and necklace. Bracelet by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. (Necklace on page 187, by Judy Hinman.)





PAGE 178
Red-grey-and-mustard print dress of silk chiffon. By Scott Barrie for Barrie Sport; about $250. At Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin. Belt by Thomas Robbins.



PAGE 179
Red-and-pink silk jersey dress with matching chiffon shawl, by Ken Scott. Dress, about $210. At Lord & Taylor; H. & S. Pogue; Neiman-Marcus.



PAGE 180
Sheer beige jumpsuit of polyester knit with brown braid. By Leslie Fay; about $48. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson; Frederick & Nelson.



PAGE 182
Silky brown-and-white top and sarong. White satin jacket, not shown. By Elinor Simmons for Malcolm Starr, of Qiana nylon (Onondaga fabric). At Martha; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.; J. W. Robinson. Bracelet by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Belt: The American Indian Arts Center.



PAGE 183
Wilroy's brown-and-white bikini and sarong, of Du Pont nylon. About $65. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Jacobson's, Michigan; Sakowitz; Frost Bros. Belt by Calvin for Love Creations.



PAGE 184
Red jersey midriff top of Enkalure nylon; white lineny skirt of Fibranne. Prerogative by B. H. Wragge. Top about $26; skirt about $44. At Bonwit Teller; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin.



PAGE 185
Shirt-collared tunic dress with matching slit skirt. Black-on-red print of Dacron and cotton. By Dozia. To order at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Jewelled chrome belt by Thomas Robbins.



PAGE 186
Beige linen bikini top with appliquéd flowers; fringed skirt of red felt. Boutique Donald Brooks. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Dayton's. Earrings by India Nepal.



PAGE 188
Pink, orange, blue, green silk organza dress and sequinned shawl. Print by Tzaims Luksus on TSM fabric. Chester Weinberg. Next month, at Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's Vogue, Chicago; I. Magnin. Choker from Port of Call at Henri Bendel.



PAGE 189
Tangerine-and-violet silk organza dress. By Bill Blass of Bianchini fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros. Bracelet by Thomas Robbins for Tortolani-Crislu. Body sculpture designed by Humberto Vargas.



PAGE 190
Yellow, fuchsia, and violet dress of texturized polyester (Fisher & Gentile fabric). Judith Wister for Traina Boutique; about $130. At Bonwit Teller; The Denver; Neiman-Marcus. Chrome-and-Lucite neck sculpture by Trifari. Jewelled chrome belt by Thomas Robbins.



PAGE 190
Wrapped midriff top, patchwork apron, and flounced underskirt. All of red, yellow, and white on black cotton. By Best of Three Worlds. Top about $40; overskirt about $62; underskirt about $34. At Henri Bendel; Charles Gallay. Earrings by India Nepal.



PAGE 191
Brilliant-red dress with white Schiffli embroidery. By Anne Fogarty, of acrylic challis. About $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Lucite-and-chrome choker by Trifari.



PAGE 192
Lilac knit jumpsuit ribbed to the waist. By Marshall Klugman for S.T.J., of polyester-and-cotton knit; about $80. Mid-December at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Trifari choker.



PAGE 193
Lilac knit shirtdress with silvery buttons. By Miguel Ferreras, of Dacron-and-cotton knit by Galey & Lord; about $26. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Odyssey choker.



PAGE 194
Short white cotton T-shirt dress from Jax. About $13. Choker by Trifari.



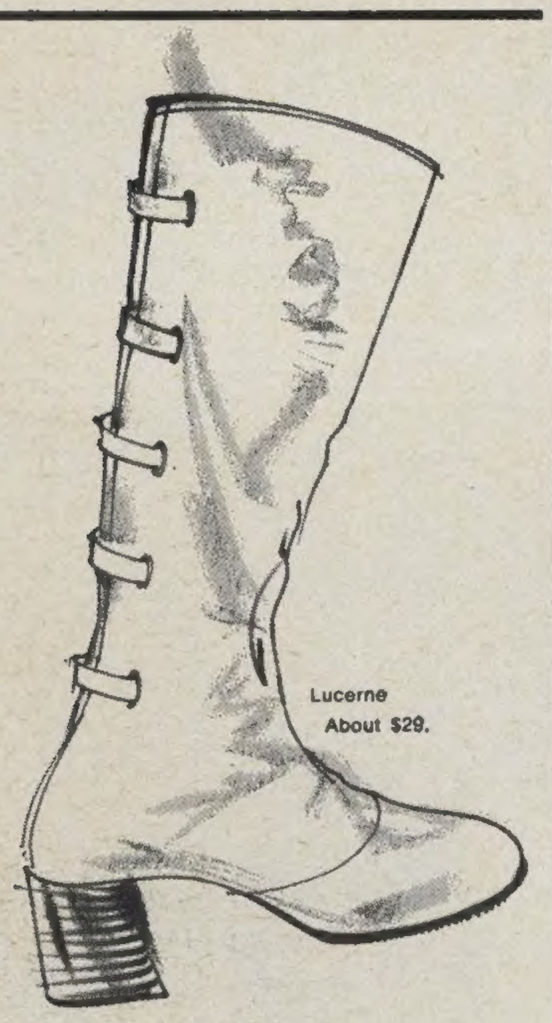
PAGE 194
White cotton piqué shirtdress by Kasper for Joan Leslie (Rubin Levine fabric). About $125. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Frost Bros.; J. W. Robinson. Belt by Thomas Robbins. Choker by Trifari.



PAGE 195
White linen shirt-jacket and pants. By B. H. Wragge; about $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus. K.J.L. earrings.



PAGE 195
Ginori's long white sleeveless vest over matching shorts. Of lineny viscose; about $75. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz.



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Revelations®



NIJINSKY

(Continued from page 212)

what he wants, and how it's to be done. At evening stables he's like a doctor making his rounds in a hospital, looking over every horse and asking his head lad (stable foreman) about each one. O'Brien has that gift, that ability to see winners in horses many trainers do not see.

Lester Piggott, who has ridden Nijinsky except in those races in Ireland, has been England's leading jockey for years. He's the world's wonder to American horsemen who saw him win The International on Raymond Guest's Sir Ivor at Laurel in Maryland two years ago. He rides with the shortest stirrup leathers they've ever seen, almost standing in the saddle like a Cossack. Tall for a jockey—he's five-feet-seven—he must have the most perfect balance imaginable while controlling his mounts (he's an excellent judge of pace) and getting the best out of them.

As you might expect, he comes from a family of jockeys. His grandfather won The Liverpool Grand National on Jerry M., and did it twice in a row on Poethlyn. His father, who taught him the game, also rode in jumping races. Lester Piggott rode his first winner at the age of twelve. Since then—he's thirty-five—he has won almost every race of consequence on the flat in England and Ireland at least once; some in France, and several in Germany, including The Derby at Hamburg. He is married to Susan Armstrong, a daughter of a Newmarket trainer, who helps book his riding engagements and keeps his accounts, which run into high figures.

Because his riding weight is 117 pounds, he has to reduce. This he does by eating as little as possible and smoking big cigars to curb his appetite. Exertion makes him hungry. When he's at home he spends most of his time on a chaise longue, smoking and reading. Around the racetrack Piggott is rather stormy, for he has an agile mind, a set of strong opinions that frequently get him into controversies, and a disarming sense of humour that gets him out of most of them. An old hand at riding in France against French jockeys, he's won thirty-nine races there. After The Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe race, in which Nijinsky for the first time felt the whip, Piggott, who had breakfasted on one Havana cigar, gave no excuses. Racing is like that.

WILD ALICE

(Continued from page 200)

never knew whether we would ever finish *Alice*. We wanted only to investigate. We worked in a timeless state, the way a painter does who is able to put a canvas away, then take the canvas out again. I did no preparation on *Alice*. I read it once and that's all, a method contrary to my working habits. We never knew what we would do next. The work was arrived at irrationally.

"I never *directly* directed the actors, although I often drove them to a point of despair and madness. I think the actors create the work, the director unconsciously guiding the actors toward a communal, unconscious point. Actors need an environment of such trust that any impulse they have can be let out without fear. Anyway, part of the enjoyment for the actors in this production is that they all did it. Now, none of us really knows who did what or what came from where. Our environment was the playroom, a totally permissive playroom in which we worked like mad.

"When I worked with Grotowski, I was bowled over. He re-enforced what I'd always felt. What it re-enforced in me was the belief that you can do *anything* if your will is strong enough—and if you have enough courage.

"Finally, I believe the theatre should be supernatural and dangerous. The reason that people lose interest in the theatre is that it no longer is a place of danger and a place of dreaming. That does not mean necessarily frightening or attacking audiences. Dreams are dangerous because you never know where they lead."

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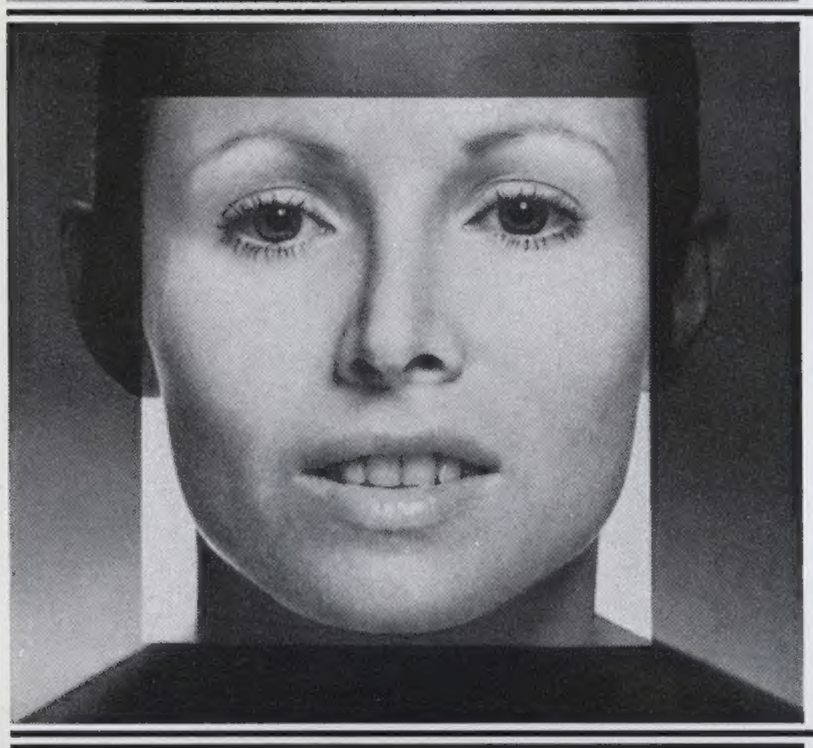


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Ralph William Williams

Breck introduces the girl in the picture.

Nancy Leroy Pullen: another beauty from the Breck collection.

Nancy's healthy good looks and shiny hair were reasons why 1,400 Canadian women's editors selected her as the first Canadian Breck girl. She's 23, married, with a challenging job as a medical secretary. She's an outdoor girl (water skiing, sailing, ice skating, tennis) who believes "Every girl owes it to herself to be as good-looking and well-groomed as possible." Nancy feels beauty products shouldn't change your looks, just make more of them. That's the idea behind Breck products. From famous Breck® shampoos to **New Breck Satin conditioner, the latest product for beautiful hair.** Breck Satin, in either creme or lotion, is a conditioner formulated for dry, coarse or damaged hair. It makes hair smooth, shiny and sleek as satin.



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